

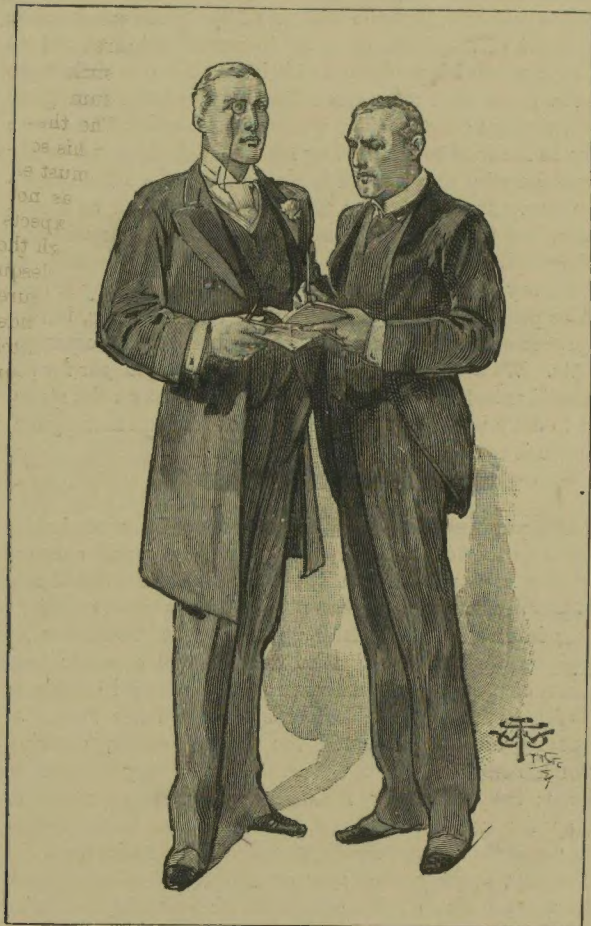
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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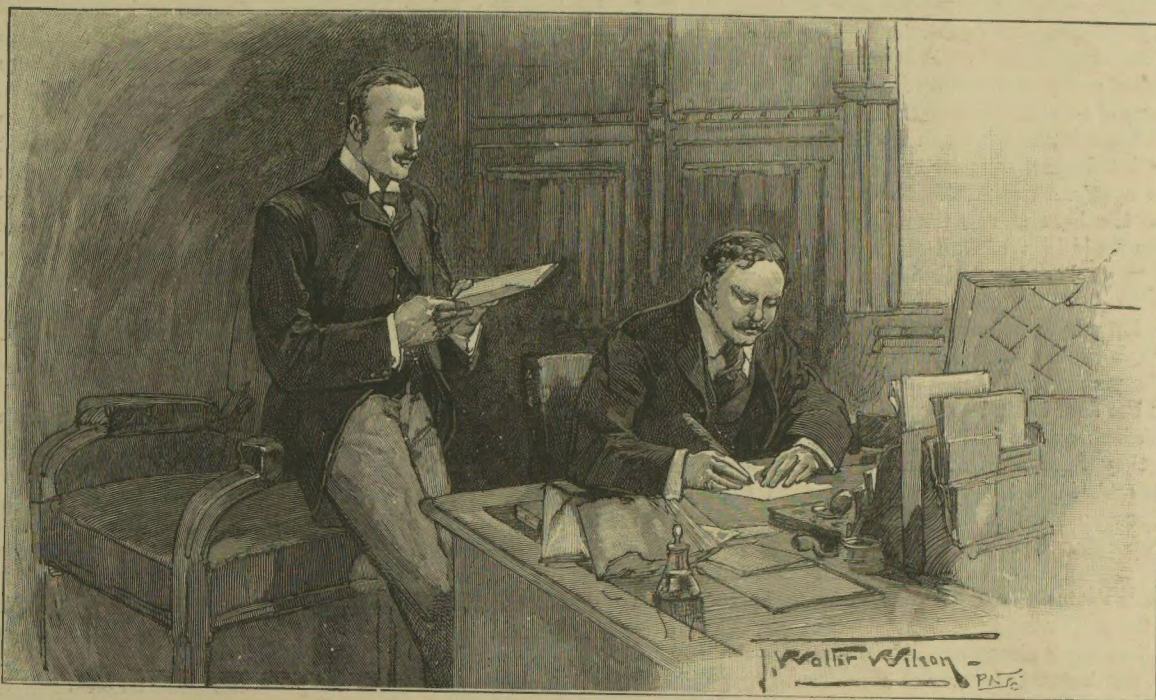
No. 2818.—VOL. CII.

SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1893.

TWO SIXPENCE.
WHOLE SHEETS By Post, 6½d.



Mr. Austen Chamberlain. Mr. Anstruther.
THE LIBERAL UNIONIST WHIPS.



Sir William Walrond. Mr. Akers-Douglas.
THE OPPOSITION WHIPS.



Mr. E. Marjoribanks. Mr. T. Ellis.
THE GOVERNMENT WHIPS.

A DIVISION IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

What an odd thing it is that waiters, so far as I know, have never turned out any "littery man"! There is no calling which has so many opportunities for the study of mankind. They see the children whom the rich man brings down with him to gladden the somewhat formal life of the hotel, and also to plague some of its denizens consumedly; they see the bride and bridegroom on their honeymoon, and the pair that ought to be bride and bridegroom, but whom he is not so sure about; the old man and his young wife, or, more rarely, the young man and his old wife; the sick man on his way to the grave. All these people talk before him, with an openness that they use before no other mortal, as if he were a dumb waiter, and yet not one of them has ever told the world what, no doubt, he tells to his fellows over his bell-interrupted meals. It is quite curious how he has kept silence, so far as literature is concerned, this man who has so much to say. Moreover, he is, as a rule, equally reticent about himself, though he is often very interesting—the intellectual superior, perhaps, of many of those he waits upon with such silent solicitude. Sometimes, I fancy, he has been at one time their superior in station. One often finds in a billiard-marker, and even a hansom cabman, a broken-down gentleman. How much more likely is this to be the case with a waiter! A little knowledge of languages, a good address, would be a passport into such a calling; and I notice that the man who can merely carry a pyramid of plates and dishes like a conjurer, and shut the door behind him with his heel, does not rise to the highest grades in this profession. My impression is that they have most of them had their matrimonial troubles, and, in fact, have run away from their wives. The waiter who stops in the same hotel for years and the waiter who is taken on for the season belong to two entirely different classes, as different as a benefited clergyman from a curate. In the former instance, he sometimes marries the proprietress of the hotel—a widow, of course—as the benefited clergyman blossoms into the bishop. Dickens, the keenest observer of human nature at a glance that has ever existed, says that there is no such thing as an old waiter; he leans, if I remember right, to the belief that in mature years they go into the burial line and become mutes. This I think very probable.

In Paris they have been making a census of the trees. It would be interesting if this was done for London. Leigh Hunt tells us in "The Town" that there are few streets in the City from which at some point or another a tree could not be seen. But he was writing of matters fifty years ago. I fear the City is not so "full-foliaged" as it used to be, though the trees that still remain to it are probably taken more care of. In spring and summer they are a greater comfort to the town-worn eye than our country cousins would consider possible. The presence of one of them redeems the brick and mortar aspect of a whole street; and it is pleasant to see how this is understood by Londoners, especially in the suburbs, where the lesson, of course, has not been taught too late. Even the enterprising builder perceives the attraction of a plane-tree or a poplar, and knows that his tenants will not consider them, as he used to do, mere obstructions to the light and air.

We have classical authority for the statement that music soothes the savage breast. This does not appear to be the case with religious music, or music that is understood to be religious by the Salvation Army. A little dog, which had been naturally roused to indignation by the clamour of one of its bands, and ventured to bark at it, has been put to death by the "big drum." "When I beat," is this person's motto, "let no dog bark." I can only say that it was providential for this particular saint that it was not my little dog. We know, from the conduct of the Salvation Army bands as regards sick people who entreat their silence, that they have no tenderness for humanity, and this callousness, it seems, culminates in cruelty as respects the dumb creation. When, on the other hand, a dog is in the wrong, I do not defend him. I sympathise with the youth who, being on roller skates, got into difficulties with a huge St. Bernard. It is thought a compliment to be "backed," but not—especially when "on roller skates"—to be "gambolled upon," as he expressed it, by an animal of this kind. I cannot, indeed, imagine a more deplorably defenceless position, though mitigated (to the spectator) by humour.

"For some time I have been conscious that my legs are too short for my body. It is most amazing. Will you kindly suggest a remedy?" This is not one of my correspondents, though some of them expect me to do very remarkable things for them. It is addressed to a famous dermatologist, who certainly claims to have performed alterations in the human frame next kin to miraculous. He will take a snub nose in hand and make it Roman or Grecian, as your classical taste inclines; and, also, we are assured by the respectable journal in which his feats are recorded, reduce a too expansive mouth almost to the size of a dimple. It is, therefore, no great matter for astonishment that the correspondent in question should expect to have his

body shortened and his legs lengthened. If faith-healing is what it pretends to be, here is a fine chance for its establishment. When one comes back from the sea with a fine sunburnt countenance (which lasts, perhaps, three days) one's friends say, with an admiration not entirely complimentary, "Why, you look like another man!" but after a visit or two to this dermatologist they might say so very literally, if, indeed, they had the sagacity to recognise one at all.

The tercentenary of the Congregationalist martyrs seems to have interested quite a number of people. I wish it was in the power of any tercentenary to interest me; the repetition of the date of any event has less effect upon me, I am sorry to say, than an echo from an old wall. St. Paul would have had no cause to be ashamed of me, so far, at least, as the being bound up in "times and seasons" is concerned; that is not where I go astray. As for the three martyrs in question, I confess I never heard of them before I saw their names in the newspaper. They seem to have been very badly treated; the notion of the very Archbishop whom one of them "dissented" from signing the warrant of his execution is a very choice example of the amenities of persecution. Human nature may, perhaps, as the philosophers assure us, remain just as it was, but it is certainly not so blackguardly in high places. The Irish moonlighter may still mutilate cattle, but things of that kind are not now done in the best circles, as they used to be, to human beings, all in the cause of order and orthodoxy. Still, one cannot help thinking that there is a deal too much made of martyrs, as contrasted with the sufferings of poor people who have nothing to support them as regards confidence in future bliss. The nameless tortures alleged to have been inflicted recently, for example, upon a poor orphan servant girl, day after day, and night after night, by her inhuman mistress, arouse my indignation far more than the execution three hundred years ago of three doubtless excellent persons for conscience' sake. The "pale martyr in his shirt of fire," who could thank Heaven in the midst of his torments that he had thus "lit a candle" that should dispel the spiritual darkness of his native land, had at least the satisfaction of that reflection. He was on the road, though, thanks to the devilish malignity (falsely called bigotry) of his persecutors, a most cruel one, to the joys of Heaven. A vast section of his fellow-countrymen admired and pitied him. But in those dark places of the earth which we are told are full of cruelty there are myriads of friendless creatures to my mind much greater claimants to our compassion. There is One that sees them, doubtless, but He makes no sign. It is inscrutable, it is incomprehensible, but so it is; and since there are plenty to compassionate the good martyrs, I feel myself at liberty to pity, rather, the mere victims of circumstance.

I am just now a victim of circumstance myself (which doubtless has its share in my present feelings), and by no stretch of charity can, I fear, be considered a martyr, except in that secondary sense in which people are said to be martyrs, for example, to the toothache. Kind souls are so good as to show their pity for me in many ways—some of them anonymously, whom I can only thank in this place with all my heart—but nobody has so much as hinted at my canonisation. Nay, one or two persons have even delicately suggested, in writing, that I suffer less than I deserve. "You have been a novelist for many years," they say in effect, "and now you are reaping the fruits of that guilty calling." One would imagine they think there is something the matter with my "circulation."

In the Middlesex Sessions House we are told that the benches in the jury-box have been provided with cushions. Let us hope this is not the small end of the wedge that is found (on platforms) in company with the British Constitution. It seems, indeed, if analogy is to be preserved in our institutions at all, a monstrous thing that a jurymen should be made comfortable. The judge, of course, has cushions and curtains and a retiring-room, but then he is very highly paid; the gentlemen of the long robe have also their convenience consulted, but neither do they work for nothing; and every insignificant official in the court has his snug corner, but then he has a salary. The notion of paying any attention to the comfort of the only class of persons who perform their duties not only gratuitously but often at great expense of time and trouble is quite unknown, and may turn out to be a dangerous precedent. There may be theoretical objections to their habitual ill-treatment, but on the whole it has worked well. Supposing they are not summoned unless they are wanted, or made to wait standing in draughts for hours till they are wanted, and are treated with common civility, not to say like persons who are conferring an obligation instead of incurring one—is it not possible that their usefulness may be destroyed? When Oliver Twist pitched into Noah Claypole, Mr. Bumble said to Mrs. Sowerberry, "This is not madness, Ma'am, it is Meat: you have raised a artificial spirit in the boy, unbecoming a person of his condition, by not keeping him on gruel." It is benevolent, of course, to give jurymen cushions to sit upon, but is it wise? Some day or other they may be asking to be paid for their trouble, like the House of Commons; but fortunately they cannot vote it for themselves.

The publication of a pantomime account—not the bill, but the invoice—has no doubt been vouchsafed us in order to impress on our minds the great expenses incident to that class of performance; and so far it has succeeded. It is certainly amazing to read that such a sum as £15,000 should be necessary to defray the cost of this Christmas annual; that the stuffs for the dresses of the very "supers" cost from two to three guineas a yard, and "the cheapest brocade at wholesale prices from a guinea to twenty-five shillings"; especially interesting is it to learn the price of tights, four pairs of which come to £7 4s., and, "since they are liable to wear out, require renewing." The reflection, however, which cannot but strike one on reading these expensive items is that the sum paid for the libretto must be very disproportionate. The theatrical manager, no doubt, gets his money's worth in his scenery and his costumes, but the author of the piece must either fall short of his duty, or is so ill-remunerated as not to make it worth his while to do his best. No one expects to find a pantomime with much literary merit—though those of us who are old enough to remember Planché's burlesques may be inclined to ask "Why not?"—but there is surely no reason why they should be an insult to the adult understanding. It is not only that they are as dull as ditch-water, but that they are generally absolutely senseless and unintelligible. Out of this £15,000 is it not possible to afford, say, £50 to the librettist? For that money it may not be possible to procure anything very amusing, but an improvement might surely be effected on present arrangements. We are obliged to the enterprising manager for the splendid entertainment he has provided for us on the stage, but to deny us an intelligent, or at all events an intelligible, libretto is to spoil a ship for a pound of tar.

The pugilism of to-day is certainly of a more brutal kind than that of our forefathers; the blackguard element not only preponderates in it, but seems to be without any mitigation whatever. When athleticism—a most excellent thing in itself—first sprang up among us, there was no suspicion that it would take to such evil courses; but, instead of providing wholesome recreation for all classes, it bids fair to brutalise the democracy. The three stages of depravity are developed in the rabbit-courser, gloating upon his harmless victim, barred from every chance of escape; the mercenary football-player, always ready to stamp the umpire's eye out if his decision is unfavourable; and the frequenter of prize-fights. At Liverpool the other day, by way of a new sensation, a deaf-and-dumb man was put up to fight, and, after nine rounds, had to be carried from the ring. His inability to express his pain seems to have given universal pleasure. No doubt, in time, we shall have matches got up between blind men.

On the other hand, thank Heaven! there are things recorded even of the lowest classes of our population which give one hope. For the fifth year in succession we read that the "old boys" in Canada rescued from the gutter in London have sent their thank-offering out of their hard-won savings in support of "the Boys' Home." The amount is £230, making no less than £900 contributed by them in five years "to give other boys the same good start in life as ourselves."

"The Marplot" is a remarkable novel. It is generally original, and, when it is otherwise, what is next kin to being original, the author has the audacity to take for his model the author of "The Ordeal of Richard Feverell." If Uncle Humphry does not belong to Mr. George Meredith, there is no mark by which a writer's creation can be distinguished. I do not say that that amusing old gentleman has been stolen from his collection, but only that he has been "reproduced and enlarged," like a photograph; and, as in the case of that work of art, we often have to admit that it is much more satisfactory than an oil-painting, so Uncle Humphry, even if he be a copy, is better than the originals of some writers. The style of the book is curiously abrupt and discursive, and the incidents often quite incredible, but where the story fails there is plenty of wit to fill the hiatus. What one admires, and wishes could be more largely imported into real life, is the extreme charity of all the characters—even the female ones—to one another; one very much doubts whether a respectable family, outside the covers of this novel, could be found to regard "The Marplot" with the same leniency. A young gentleman of sixteen (to take an early example) leading a donkey with a young lady of fourteen upon it, in spangles and tights, would surely find it more difficult to explain to his friends (whom he plumps down upon at a picnic) his very peculiar relations with her; whereas they take it for granted that they have some good and wise reason for travelling together in that primitive fashion, and do not embarrass them with inquiries. Indeed, the Marplot, whom many people I know would have put between the mattresses (as used to be the "treatment" for hydrophobia) and sat upon, smiling, till she was suffocated, is received quite pleasantly by everybody, and at worst only thought to be a little odd. Even the reader is obliged to confess to himself that he rather likes her, which is a great compliment to the author's talent for description.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BY THE MACE.

My interest in the second reading debate on the Home Rule Bill has had a very rude shock. I do not object to the Irish representatives, to whom I am accustomed. Whatever may be thought of their views, they are part and parcel of the House of Commons, and their disappearance would give me the deepest pain. Nor have I anything to say against petitions from the Corporation of Dublin. If such documents were presented by an Irish member and dropped into the customary bag, I should make no protest. But when the Lord Mayor of Dublin, attended by his colleagues, and above all by the Dublin Mace, appears in person at the bar of the House, and when I am told by the Serjeant-at-Arms that the Irish Mace is a much more imposing Bauble than myself, I begin to see the Irish question in a new and most unfavourable light. It has been difficult since this episode to fix my attention on the course of the discussion. Ulster, the Irish Exchequer, the character of the Irish members, the wrongs of Irish landlords, the threats of armed resistance to Home Rule, have boomed vaguely on my ears, while to my irritated vision has appeared the form of the Dublin Mace dancing a sort of mocking jig, trailing its coat—so to speak—as if to challenge me to settle the whole question by single combat.

There have been some excellent speeches on both sides, but a little too much in a style which, whatever its merits, can scarcely be called debate. A Minister or ex-Minister makes a long speech, and invites the bench opposite to dispute his propositions if it can, and the bench opposite takes a day, sometimes two or three days, to prepare its reply. To do him justice, Mr. John Morley offered an agreeable variation of these tactics. He heard Lord Randolph Churchill for two hours before dinner, and after dinner he submitted Lord Randolph to an elaborate analysis, which greatly excited the subject of the operation. For some time, indeed, Lord Randolph and the Chief Secretary carried on an animated colloquy across the table, and when he was not on his feet pounding the table and hurling retorts at his critic, the noble Lord was audibly imparting his grievances to his colleagues who sat near him. Mr. Morley was also interrupted a good deal by Mr. T. W. Russell and by sarcastic cheers from Mr. Chamberlain; but all this greatly enhanced the interest of a debate which has suffered some terribly long intervals of dulness. The personal relations between the Chief Secretary and Mr. Chamberlain are not amiable, but this did not prevent Mr. Morley from paying to his most redoubtable antagonist's son a very charming compliment. Mr. Austen Chamberlain's Parliamentary debut was one of those incidents in which the House of Commons delights. There is always a keen curiosity to see whether great Parliamentary gifts are inherited, and we all listened with genuine pleasure to a speech which was really worthy of a distinguished name. Mr. Gladstone was visibly interested, and joined heartily in the cheers which rewarded Mr. Austen Chamberlain's maiden effort. But although Mr. Morley complimented the son he did not say friendly things about the father, and quotations from Mr. Chamberlain's speeches in 1885 came home to roost. If all the quotations which have been used in this debate were printed together they would make a volume full of violent contrasts and the revenges of time.

Perhaps the art of quotation has its happiest exponent in Mr. Asquith. No part of the Home Secretary's speech was more successful than his parody of Mr. Balfour's oratory at Belfast. He pictured Mr. Morley going to Cork or Limerick, and telling a Nationalist procession that they had fought for their liberties before and might fight again, but he prayed God this might prove only "an academic and abstract proposition." This piece of comedy was performed with all the skill of an accomplished actor. Mr. Asquith has had only one rival in the business of entertaining the House. Admiral Field, who expounded what he called the "naval view" of Home Rule, and who fired off his sentences like minute guns, uttered a solemn warning. "Mr. Speaker," he said, "we have heard of mothers smothering their infants, but what I want to know is this: Are you going to let the infant smother its mother?" This version of England overlain and suffocated by Ireland threw the House into transports of mirth. But Mr. Asquith has probably been most successful in contributing to the debate phrases which are likely to become historic. He described Mr. Balfour as an "academic Anarchist." He said Lord Randolph's "adjectives were always in the superlative degree, while his verbs were never in the conditional mood." Lord Randolph was like the actor who was so conscientious that when he was about to play Othello he blacked himself all over. To a speech studded with such happy things the House listened with an intense enjoyment, akin to that which it derives from Mr. Chamberlain's most skilful thrusts.

But for eloquence the honours of the debate remain with Mr. John Redmond, who touched a height of oratory rarely surpassed. Some passages of Mr. Goschen's speech were distinguished by cogent reasoning which caused evident tribulation on the Treasury bench, but the speech, as a whole, was not equal to Mr. Goschen's attacks on the first Home Rule Bill in 1886. It is worthy of note that throughout the debate there has been very little heat save in one remarkable episode. In the middle of Mr. Asquith's speech some Irish members excitedly drew the Speaker's attention to Lord

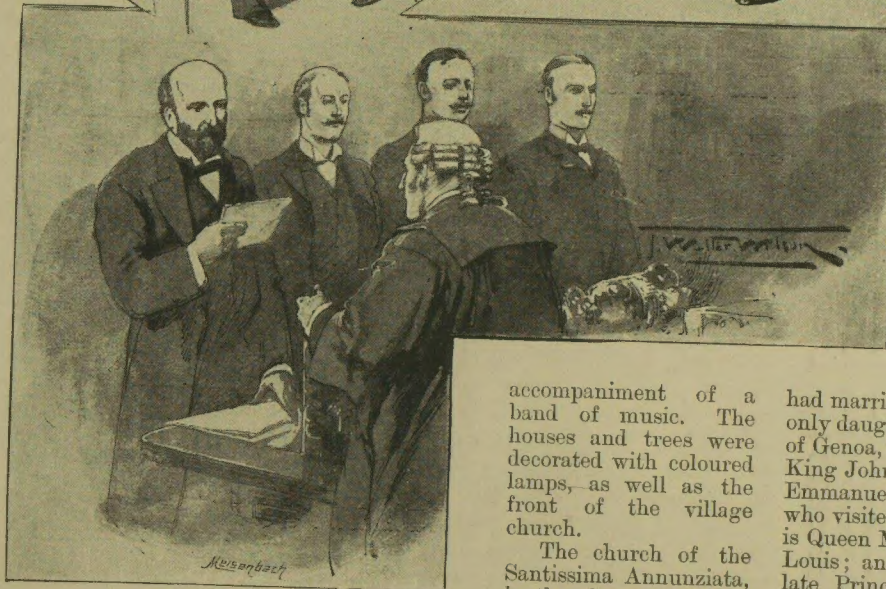
Cranborne. That eminent legislator had said, loud enough for the Irishmen to hear, that Mr. Davitt was a "murderer." An apology to the House was with difficulty wrung from Lord Cranborne, who was careful to make it clear that he adhered to his opinion, whatever it may be worth. Except in this wanton exhibition of virulence, the debate has been singularly free from party spirit, and half-a-dozen representative speeches have been made which are quite worthy of the best traditions of the House.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE QUEEN AT FLORENCE.

Among the interesting excursions made by her Majesty and Princess Beatrice in the neighbourhood of Florence, within a short drive from the Villa Palmieri, they went on Good Friday to the village of San Felice, to see the triennial religious celebration of the "Gesù Morto," commemoration of the death of Jesus Christ, which is a very ancient local custom. There was a procession of the peasantry, men and women, with priests and friars or monks, to the number of about one thousand persons, altogether, bearing the Cross at their head, an image of the Saviour, and a crowned image of the Madonna draped in black, which latter was preceded by a troop of young girls and followed by a company of married women. The friars were those of the Orders of St. Mark and St. Cecilia. The "Stabat Mater" was chanted, with the

THE DIVISION LOBBY.



THE TELLERS AT THE TABLE.

Mr. E. Marjoribanks, Mr. T. Ellis, Mr. Akers-Douglas, Sir W. Walrond.

A DIVISION IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

rounded by arcades, with busts of the Medici, and contains the bronze equestrian statue of Ferdinand I. with two bronze fountains. The church, founded in the thirteenth century, has been transformed into an architectural structure of the Renaissance period. Its portico, with an elaborate mosaic work by Ghirlandajo, and the twelve fresco paintings, enclosed in glass, mostly the work of Andrea del Sarto, on the walls of the front courtyard, invite the inspection of all critical admirers of Florentine art. Other frescoes in the cloister and pictures of historical interest in the chapel formerly reserved for the Guild of St. Luke's, as well as the sculptures on the tombs and monuments, give additional interest to this church. The shrine, which was shown to her Majesty by the Rev. Father Cuthbert Bedford, is sumptuously decorated with silver and gold, and behind the altar is a fresco of the thirteenth century, representing the Virgin Mary.

On Monday, April 17, her Majesty, with Princess Beatrice and Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, visited the church of Santa Croce, one of the largest in Florence, in front of which now stands the white marble monument of Dante, erected in 1865, on the six-hundredth anniversary of his birth. This church was mainly built in the fourteenth and early part of the fifteenth century, but the façade was lacking until the present generation; it was completed in 1863. The interior contains the sepulchres of Michel Angelo, Macchiavelli, Galileo, Alfieri, the Countess of Albany, widow of Prince Charles Edward Stuart, a monument of Dante, and the tombs of many eminent Florentines. In the chapels of the Peruzzi and Bardi are the finest of Giotto's fresco paintings, formerly covered with whitewash, but now revealed in all their beauty of figure and expression.

On April 15, the Queen, accompanied by Princess Louise,

THE SERJEANT-AT-ARMS.



Princess Beatrice, and the Duke of Aosta, witnessed the Battle of Flowers on the Corso, organised in celebration of the birthday of Princess Beatrice. They were on the terrace of the Palazzo Riccardi, the residence of Count Capitelli, Prefect of Florence. Large crowds filled the Corso, and the scene was very animated; but the floral display was rather poor, only fifty of the carriages taking part in the procession being decorated with flowers. The fête, however, was arranged at very short notice, and flowers are at present extremely scarce in Florence owing to the unusual dryness of the season.

The King of Italy, with his nephew the Duke of Aosta, came from Rome to Florence on Thursday, April 13, arriving by railway train early in the morning, to visit the Queen of England. His Majesty was met by Colonel Slade, military attaché to the British Embassy, who, in the name of the Queen, invited him and his suite to luncheon at the Villa Palmieri. The King and the Duke of Aosta, with Signor Brin, Italian Minister of Foreign Affairs, Signor Rattazzi, Comptroller of the royal household, Generals Ponzio-Vaglia and Driquet, military commanders of the district and city, and the aides-de-camp, arrived at the Queen's residence at half-past one, and returned at four o'clock to the Pitti Palace. The Queen's party at luncheon comprised Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne, Princess Charlotte of Saxe-Meiningen, Princess Louise of Anhalt, the Duke and Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, and the Prince and Princess of Hohenzollern. King Humbert brought an autograph letter from his wife, Queen Margherita, expressing her regret that she was unable from a slight indisposition, to come to Florence and meet Queen Victoria. An invitation to be present, on April 22, at the silver wedding celebration of the King and Queen of Italy, at Rome, has been declined, we believe, by our Queen, on account of the time fixed for her departure from Italy. Later in the afternoon the Queen drove in the Cascine, joined by King Humbert and the Duke of Aosta in a second open carriage. His Majesty returned to Rome by a night train.

THE KING AND QUEEN OF ITALY.

The approaching celebration, at Rome, of the silver wedding, or twenty-fifth anniversary of the marriage, of King Humbert and Queen Margherita, which took place at Turin on April 22, 1868, has excited much congratulatory interest at most of the European Courts. His Majesty, on Thursday, April 13, visited Queen Victoria at Florence, and she is to be represented at the silver wedding festivity by her grandson the Duke of York, while the German Emperor and Empress, and one of the Austrian Archdukes, are to be present on this happy occasion. King Humbert, who was born on March 14, 1844, son of the late King Victor Emmanuel, the head of the House of Savoy-Carignan, King of Sardinia (with Piedmont and Savoy) from 1849 to 1861, till he became the first King of United Italy, succeeded his father in January 1878. He had married his cousin, Margherita, born on Nov. 20, 1851, only daughter of the late Prince Ferdinand of Savoy, Duke of Genoa, who died in 1855, her mother being a daughter of King John of Saxony. Their Majesties have a son, Victor Emmanuel, Prince of Naples, heir to the Italian throne, who visited England last year. A sister of King Humbert is Queen Maria Pia of Portugal, widow of the late King Louis; another sister, Princess Clotilde, is widow of the late Prince Napoleon, whose daughter married the late Duke of Aosta.

THE HOUSE AND ITS WHIPS.

"Ayes to the right, Noes to the left. Tellers for the Ayes, Mr. Marjoribanks and Mr. Thomas Ellis, tellers for the Noes, Mr. Akers-Douglas and Sir William Walrond." This is a speech from the Chair in the House of Commons which is not reported in the newspapers; but it is the momentous utterance which heralds the division on the second reading of the Home Rule Bill. Let us rehearse the scene. The last word of the debate is spoken; the House is densely thronged, and all eyes are fixed upon the Speaker. Mr. Peel puts the question that this Bill be read a second time; there is a thunderous roar from the Ministerial benches, and an answering roar from the Opposition. A clerk at the table reverses the mystic sand-glass, once the subject of an impressive illustration in a great speech of Mr. Gladstone's; strangers are bidden to withdraw; officials in the corridors are heard crying "Division!" an electric bell vibrates through all the haunts of sociable dalliance in the building. There is a rushing and a scuttering as of rabbits surprised by a railway whistle; the last grain of sand in the glass runs out at the end of three minutes, the bell ceases, the doors of the House are locked, and a great mass of members surges up at the bar. It sometimes happens that belated legislators are shut out, though on a stupendous occasion the watchful Whips take excellent care that this does not happen. There is a hum of voices, swiftly stilled by the cry of "Order" from the Chair, and once more the Speaker puts the question. Once more comes the roar from either host; then Mr. Peel names the tellers, and two great streams begin to flow into the division lobbies. For such a division the tellers are naturally nominated from the official Whips of the two great parties, but the Speaker and the Chairman of Committees have the right to call on any member to "tell," and Mr. Courtney has been known in bygone days to make this rule a stroke of satire on the fussy personality of very small minorities. The process of taking a division is eminently simple and fairly

Mr. McArthur.

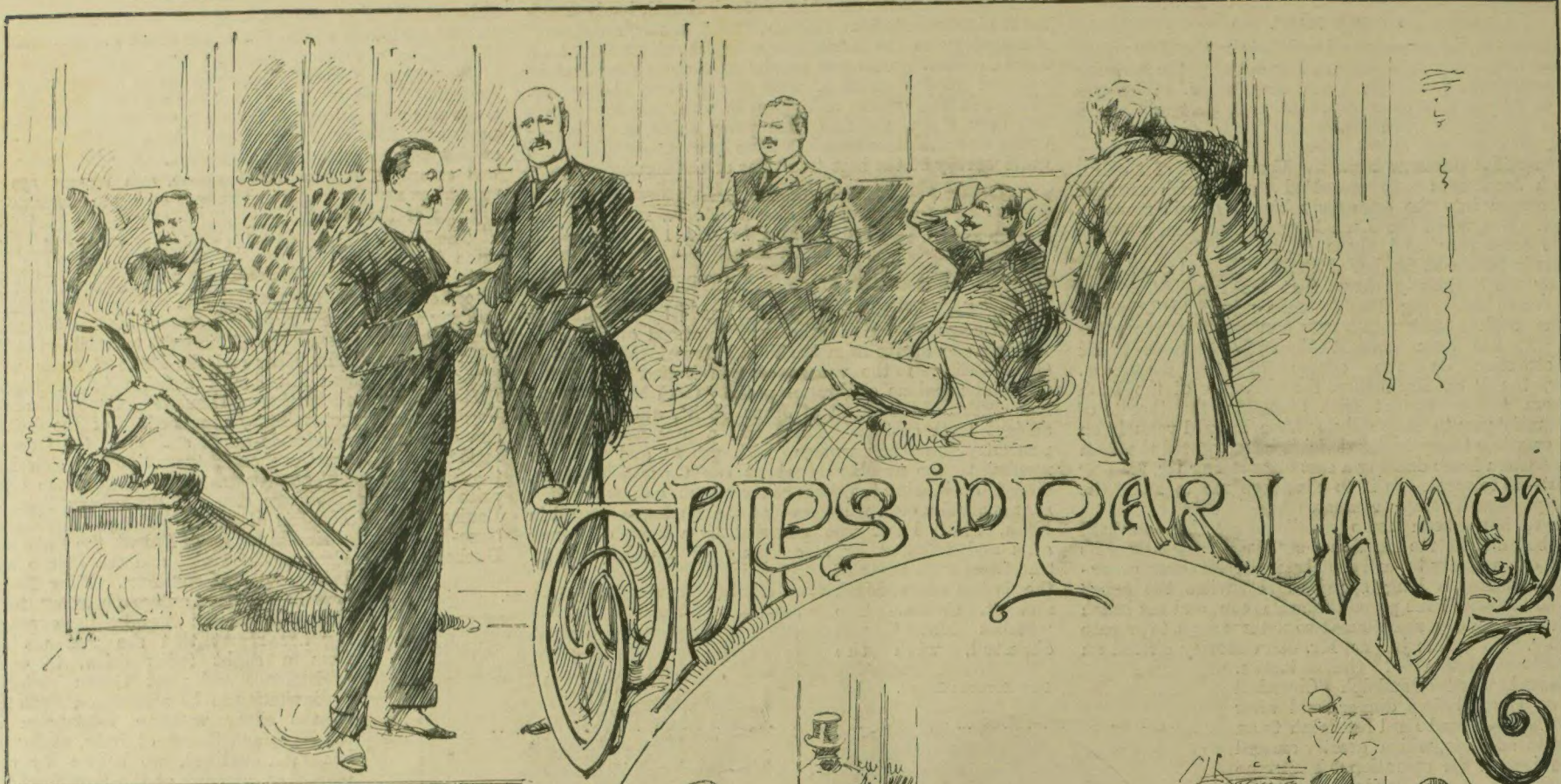
Hon. Robert Spencer.

Lord Arthur Hill.

Mr. Leveson-Gower.

Hon. Sydney Herbert.

The O'Driscoll.



THE INGLE-NOOK.

expeditions, lasting about a quarter of an hour in a full House. The lobbies run the length of the Chamber on each side, and when all the members have passed in, the door of entrance is shut and the door of exit is opened. In each lobby are seated clerks, who tick off the name of each member as he passes them. When he arrives at the exit, he finds right and left of the door a teller of his own party and a teller of the opposite party, who act as a check on the count. He hears his number, and retraces his steps to the House. The counting is finished, and the figures compared with the list of names marked by the clerks. Then the numbers are taken to a clerk at the table in the House, who writes them on a slip of paper. When a division is known to be very close, the handing of the paper by the clerk to the senior Whip of the victors provokes the first shout of triumph. Now the tellers form in line across the floor and advance to the table, bowing thrice to the Speaker, who receives more obeisance of this kind than a divinity in a heathen temple. Mr. Marjoribanks reads the totals, standing on the right of the little group, this being the traditional position of the conqueror, and immediately a storm of cheers rolls over the benches on the Speaker's right, met by a counter-storm from the benches on his left, where there are many gentlemen who are not struck dumb by the dimensions of the majority.

The duties of the Parliamentary Whips are very varied and extremely onerous. No men in public life work harder or make less show to the world. To be a great Whip is to possess a rare combination of qualities appreciated intensely by your chief, but little understood by the electorate at large. You must be bland and cool and persuasive, capable of tyranny which at need can melt suddenly into winning urbanity, genial to the point of indulging every man's standard of jocularity (this is, perhaps, the severest test), adroit enough to lead the eccentric member by the nose while he fondly imagines that he is asserting absolute independence; in fine, you must have an abnormal eye for human nature, and your disposition must embrace cynicism and optimism by turns, and supply customers with the milk of human kindness and the waters of Marah with equal readiness and effusion. The House of Commons has known two or three ideal Whips. Sir William Adam was one. Mr. Akers-Douglas has a great reputation with his party, and Mr. Marjoribanks, who has the task of keeping in hand the smallest Government majority within any living memory except Mr. Gladstone's, is regarded by friend and foe with admiring wonder. The Government Whips, as such, have no official status. Mr. Marjoribanks is Patronage Secretary to the Treasury. The Hon. Robert Spencer is Vice-Chamberlain, and occasionally entrances the House by appearing in a Court dress with a wand, and gracefully walking backwards to the bar, making obeisance all the way. Mr. Causton, Mr. William McArthur, and Mr. Thomas Ellis are Junior Lords of the Treasury. Mr. Leveson-Gower is Controller of the Household. The most remarkable quality of the Treasury and the Household is their extreme elasticity. Mr. Leveson-Gower was denounced the other day for some alleged interference with the concerns of the Ecclesiastical Commission in Wales. Nobody will be surprised to learn that Mr. William McArthur, by virtue of his Treasury lordship, had annexed an island in the South Seas. Meanwhile these Junior Lords are magnificently affable in the Lobby. They sit—as you see them in Mr. Wilson's sketch—on a bench near the door, through which it is the ambition of a member to flit unperceived to keep an appointment with his mother-in-law. If he is a Liberal he finds the open countenance of Mr. McArthur beaming upon him; if he is a Conservative he faces the gentle blandishments of Lord Arthur Hill, Mr. Sydney Herbert, or Lord Walter Gordon Leppox; and if he is a Liberal Unionist he is promptly engaged in conversation by Mr. Austen Chamberlain or Mr. Anstruther. The truth is



1. A Chase for a Vote.
2. Dr. Tanner.
3. Mr. Deasy.

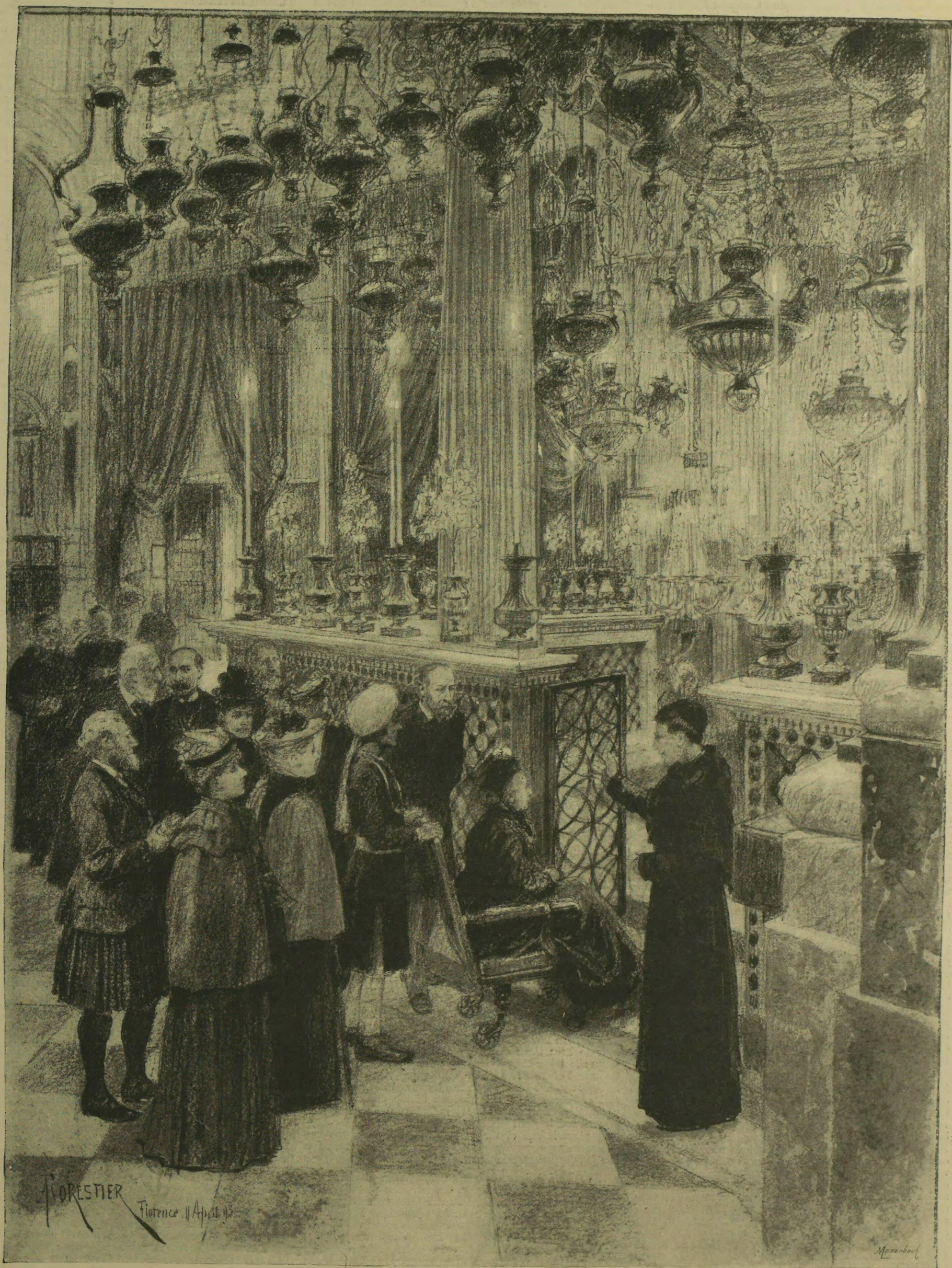
4. The O'Driscoll.
5. The Last Man.
6. Sir Thomas Esmonde.

A DIVISION IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

that the most peremptory domestic mandate is of no avail unless a member can get "a pair," and it is the business of the Whips in such circumstances to discover some gentleman on the opposite side whose private affairs are equally urgent. But the pride of the party Whip is to bring up every man in a great division who is not prostrated by illness, and the House has seen on historic nights members carried from sick beds to register priceless votes.

Two rooms in the Lobby are assigned to the Ministerial and Opposition Whips. Mr. Marjoribanks and his colleagues use one, and the other is shared by the Conservatives and Liberal Unionists. A third room is set apart for the Nationalist Whips, Mr. John Deasy, Sir Thomas Esmonde, Dr. Tanner, and Mr. Florence O'Driscoll. Colonel Nolan, the Parnellite Whip, is without a local habitation, and has somewhat of the harassed air which probably distinguished the dove during her search for a perch in the Deluge. The business in the Whips' room is extensive, for a great many letters have to be written, and members have to be reminded by tremendously underscored

missives of impending divisions. Committees of the House have to be formed, and speakers supplied everywhere. Yet amid these multifarious occupations the Whips have time to look beautiful and to indulge in manly pastimes. Mr. Marjoribanks is a dead shot with any firearm you please, and has figured in the House of Commons team with Sir William Walrond in the shooting-match with the House of Lords. Take a Whip into a corner, and the chances are that he will promptly talk of sport. Mr. Florence O'Driscoll, who is envied by the House for his brilliant *chevelure*, has tales of "big game" all over the world. Sir Herbert Maxwell is an enthusiastic naturalist and a brilliant *littérateur*; and there are stories of Dr. Tanner's nerve and dexterity in the surgical profession; but I believe both could "pot" a bird with infinite zest. The business of "whipping" seems to sharpen the appetite for pastimes of the field, though Mr. Causton's sport is said to be confined to gentle ambling in the Row. For the rest, your Whip stands in the Lobby, slaps his chest, and cries with Fred Bayham, "Manly, Sir, manly!"—A.



THE QUEEN AT FLORENCE: VIEWING THE SHRINE IN THE CHURCH OF THE ANNUNZIATA.
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

PERSONAL.

The youngest of reigning monarchs in Europe—for the King of Spain, being not yet nine years of age, and the Queen of the Netherlands, who is but fourteen, are still under maternal regency—is King Alexander of Servia, born Aug. 22, 1876, son of the abdicated King Milan and of Queen Natalie, a royal couple whose matrimonial disagreement, ascribed mainly to political intrigues, appears to have lately terminated in a mutual reconciliation. This juvenile Sovereign, in his seventeenth year, immediately after passing his school examination, has performed a sudden *coup d'état* by dismissing the Regents appointed for his minority, which was to have continued until he reached the age of eighteen. His family, the ancient princely house of Obrenovitch, have been the champions of Servian nationality since the middle of the fifteenth century, and were acknowledged as hereditary rulers of that State in 1830; their popularity is unquestionable. The independence of Servia was established by the treaty of Berlin in 1878, and Prince Milan was proclaimed King in 1882. The population of the country exceeds two millions, of whom nearly all belong to the Greek Church. There is a National Assembly, called the Skuptschina; but the Crown, with its Council of State, has the chief power. The late Regents, M. Ristitch and General Belimarkovitch, with the Ministers, at a State banquet on April 13 in the royal palace at Belgrade, were informed of their dismissal and placed under arrest. King Alexander has appointed Dr. Dokitch, his late tutor, a professor of science, to be the new Prime Minister, and he has formed a Cabinet, taking office quite unopposed; a new election of the Skuptschina has been decreed. It seems likely that neither Austria nor Russia will interfere, as the country remains quiet.

"A duchess sent to jail!" is a pretty good cry for the newsboys, and they certainly made the most of the extraordinary announcement that Sir F. Jeune had committed the Dowager Duchess of Sutherland to prison for six weeks. The whole story reads like a chapter from Miss Braddon. The late Duke of Sutherland's death has led to litigation between his son and the Dowager Duchess, in the course of which Sir Francis Jeune made an order that certain papers were to be inspected by both sides. It fell to the Duchess to read these first, in the presence of the solicitors, and the story is that she concealed one of them in her hand, and then thrust it between the bars of the grate. She now declares it to have been a letter written by the Duke to her before her marriage; he was on board his yacht, and he related an incident concerning the steward and a maid-servant which the Duchess thought should not be made public, for the sake of those persons. The explanation of her counsel was that she thought the paper was not included in the order of the Court, and that it related to persons and matters unconnected with the pending case. Sir Francis Jeune condemned the act as without parallel, and ordered the offender to pay a fine of £250, and to spend six weeks in the seclusion of Holloway Jail. And yet there are people who say that "Romance is dead!"

Mr. Ben Tillett, who was tried for an alleged incitement to riot at Bristol, is indebted to the "glorious uncertainty" of the law. Mr. Justice Cave could not see anything very dreadful in the supposed outbreak of popular violence which followed Mr. Tillett's speech, but the jury found the accused guilty, with the curious rider that Mr. Tillett did not mean any harm. This was construed by the judge as a verdict of not guilty, and Mr. Tillett was discharged. Since then some of the jurymen have written letters to the effect that they wished their verdict to be taken seriously, and that they recommended Mr. Tillett to mercy. One of them, however, has the singular candour to state that the verdict was "probably neither logical nor entitled to succeed" but that logic and justice are not to be expected from jurymen who are "locked up without food, fire, or water all day." It would seem from this that had the jury been fed and warmed they would have found Mr. Tillett so decisively guilty that the judge would have had no option but to commit him to prison. If a famished jury inclines to mercy and a full-fed jury to punishment, how is the happy mean to be discovered? Probably Mr. Tillett will say it was poetic justice that a jury who had to sit in judgment on a labour leader should feel the pangs of hunger.

The Rev. Hugh Price Hughes has made public an interesting piece of family history. His sister is Principal of a Hall for lady students in connection with the University College at Bangor, and the Senate of the College have withdrawn her license and closed the Hall in consequence of a dispute arising out of some regulations made by the Principal for the surveillance of the girls committed to her charge. The College authorities, some of them young and unmarried, as Mr. Price Hughes drily remarks, are said to object to the restrictions on the liberty of the students which seemed fitting to Miss Hughes; but her brother confesses with sorrow that he believes the real animus against that lady is due to the circumstance that she is an Episcopalian and a Conservative. Mr. Price Hughes is a Radical and a Dissenter, but he thinks there is sufficient political and religious intolerance among people of his way of thinking in Wales to account for the opposition to his sister's work at Bangor. Apart from this, it is only too probable that asperities will be excited whenever the notion is set up that women ought to be educated with precisely the same social freedom which is enjoyed by the male undergraduate.

The African explorer, Méry, who has been called the French Stanley, has just returned to Paris from his last

voyage, bearing a letter from Azdjer, the chief of the Touareg tribe, to President Carnot. M. Méry, at the beginning of the winter, was commissioned by the French Government to try and ascertain if the Touaregs still held by the terms of the treaty drawn up with France in 1862 by their old chief Ikenhouken. M. Méry had a long and perilous journey, starting in a somewhat novel fashion from the south of Algiers, a route little frequented by the average African explorer. On one occasion his party marched fourteen days without coming across a spring or stream of water; and little by little those natives whom M. Méry had persuaded and bribed to accompany him dropped off, and by the time he arrived at Ain-el-Hadjadj, his party consisted of seven men, of whom three were Europeans like himself. The three Touareg chiefs received him at Lake Mengchow, surrounded by an escort of eighteen natives mounted on huge camels; the chiefs were attired in dark blue tunics and black turbans, and a black veil covered the lower part of their faces. Each was armed with a dagger, a lance, a huge metal shield, and sword. After somewhat lengthy negotiations, the French explorer obtained the promises he had come so far to seek, and the elder chief solemnly presented him with his sword and shield, receiving in exchange M. Méry's revolver and gun. These gifts evidently gave Azdjer great satisfaction, for it was then that, beckoning to a negro, who alone of his escort knew how to read and write, he ordered him to compose a complimentary epistle to "the great Sultan of the French, Sadi Carnot." Although M. Méry has only been back some ten days, he is already organising a new expedition, of which it is

matter at this time of day. Alderman Stuart Knill was entertaining a company of his own co-religionists, and we believe he meant to imply that the spiritual authority of their chief Bishop is quite compatible with the temporal sovereignty of Queen Victoria. In the Court of Aldermen, on Tuesday, April 18, Sir William Lawrence gave notice of a motion to censure the Lord Mayor for his "unconstitutional and disloyal" toast.

The re-election of "Uncle Paul," Mr. Stephen Paul Kruger, as President of the South African Republic, commonly called the Transvaal, has proved that the sturdy Dutch Afrikaner, who defied Great Britain in 1881, not less than the competing Presidential candidate, General Joubert, commander of the Boers at Majuba Hill, retains the confidence of that free and independent community. Sir Henry Loch, Governor of the Cape Colony and British High Commissioner, is about to meet President Kruger for an amicable conference on the settlement of Swaziland.

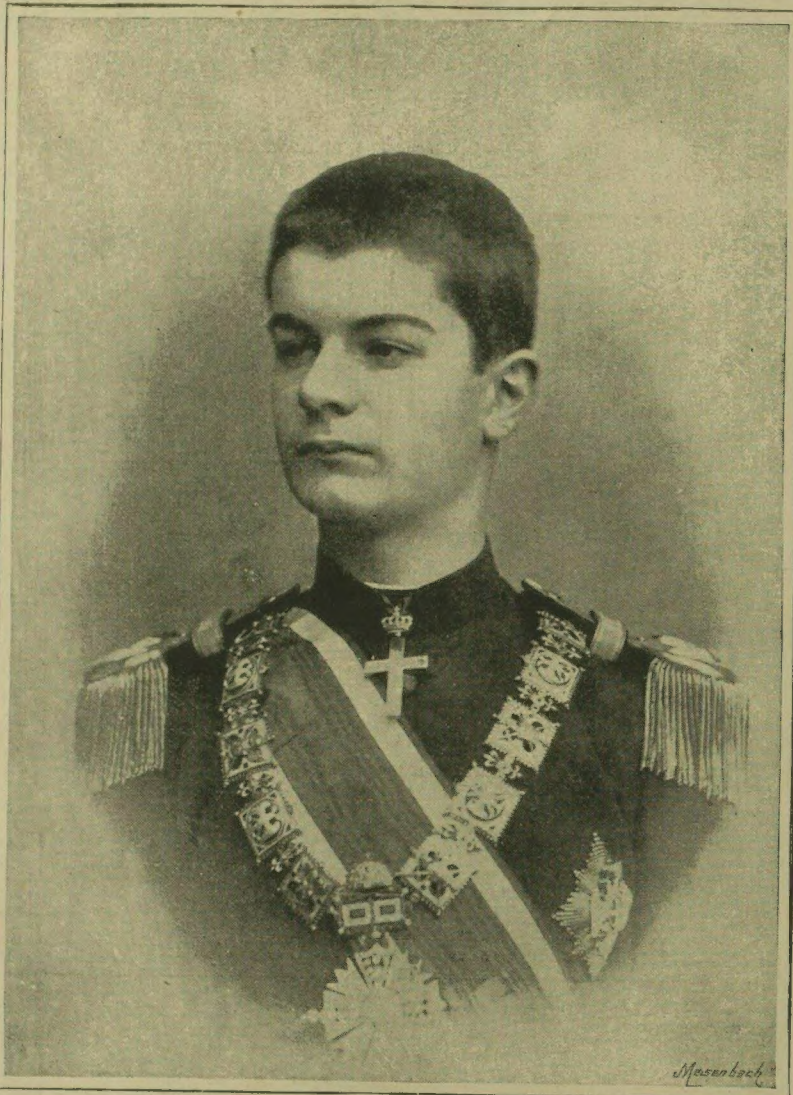
We regret that in our last issue our picture of the procession in Donegall Place, Belfast, was attributed to Mr. Kirkpatrick instead of to Mr. Abernethy, of 29, High Street, Belfast.

"THE SILVER SHELL."

Mr. Henry Dam's new play at the Avenue has been described as "our old friend the Nihilist drama," but I wish all our old friends on the stage had as much vitality. This does not mean that Mr. Dam's play is a marvel of constructive genius and dramatic writing. It suffers from that terrible tradition which is known as "comic relief." There is a comic widow, a comic detective, a comic French maid, and they are all three unspeakably tedious. The detective kisses the maid at intervals, and the widow has an adventure with a bull, and I daresay a playgoer who had been released from solitary confinement in a dungeon for several years would find these personages deliriously funny. But Mr. Dam would have lost nothing if he had told his story without any effort to relieve it with mechanical humour. He has handled his Nihilism with considerable skill. I doubt whether Prince Karatoff would venture on so risky an expedient as that of disguising himself as a Nihilist in order to master the secret of a conspiracy in Paris against the life of the Czar. Mr. Kendal is admirably disguised, if you remember that he is Mr. Kendal; but this spick-and-span conspirator, with his polished air and his dress of the high-bred gentleman of the *ancien régime*, would surely excite prompt suspicion among the Nihilists, who, although they do not know Boris Ivanitch even by sight, must be sufficiently acquainted with his personality by hearsay to wonder at the manners of the man who has taken his name. I doubt, too, whether a practised conspirator like Katharine Vail would be so absolutely simple as Mrs. Kendal. This accomplished actress, like Phyllis in the song, never fails to please; but she does not in the least suggest the Nihilist refugee, the woman who has spent all her life in the atmosphere of suspicion. There is a midnight meeting of conspirators at her house, and she receives them pretty much as a well-bred English hostess would receive a number of extremely dubious guests whom it had pleased an eccentric husband to collect from the garrets of Soho. With excellent judgment Mrs. Kendal made no attempt to assume romantic airs of mystery totally incongruous with her breezy British ways, with a physique which has nothing inscrutable, and a general deportment of the upper bourgeoisie. A typical Russian princess was, perhaps, impossible; but the most robust imagination could not fail to be staggered by the spectacle of a lady who bore the unimpeachable character of Bayswater in every lineament plotting the murder of the Czar. The chief situation of Mr. Dam's drama is the interruption of the midnight meeting by the arrival of the real Boris Ivanitch, who, oddly enough, is the only man acquainted with Prince Karatoff. He recognises Mr. Kendal promptly, but the spy takes up the "silver shell," which is a loaded bomb, and holds the company at bay till the police arrive and arrest them.

With all its obvious faults this is a moving scene, for when you have to deal with Nihilism anything is probable. The most extravagant romance that ever entered the head of a playwright is prosaic enough compared with the realities which are commonplaces in the lives of the Russian terrorists. I don't think the French police would be quite so complaisant to Prince Karatoff, who has an examination of his chief prisoner conducted at the Russian Embassy in Paris by a *juge d'instruction*, though a British baronet has the permission of the *prefet* to roam through that building at pleasure, and even take a written authority from Katharine Vail to act as the guardian of her child. But the glamour of Nihilism is strong upon me, and I am willing to accept these singular proceedings in perfect simplicity. It is Mrs. Kendal's denial of her child which is rather too puzzling. She is the lawful wife of Karatoff's son, whom she is supposed to have murdered years before, and she allows herself to be branded with dishonour rather than confess that her child is the legitimate grandson of the formidable Russian. This gives Mrs. Kendal some opportunities for effective acting, and when she does at last reveal the truth to Karatoff, she manages the situation with much dexterity. It is a distinctly dramatic point to overwhelm Mr. Kendal in the moment of his vengeance with the discovery that his son's wife is a Nihilist, who prepares "silver shells" for the discomfort of the Czar. But it needs all your faith in Nihilism to reconcile you to Mr. Dam's device for the display of a maternal martyrdom which is purely needless.

L. F. A.



ALEXANDER I., KING OF SERVIA.

Photo by Leuter, Belgrade.

said one of the princes of the House of Orleans hopes to form part.

Miss Klumpke, a young lady of American-Dutch extraction, has been for the last five years one of the recognised astronomers at the Paris Observatory. A graduate of the Sorbonne and Doctor of Laws, she alone of all her sex has the right to call herself an official astronomer—that is, if we except her *consœur* at Greenwich. The western tower of the Paris Observatory has been given over to her; there every day at 12 a.m., 6 p.m., and at dawn she takes observations, and was the first to discover the comet of 1892! Life is not always easy or agreeable in these aerial regions, for no fire is allowed in the building, and of course the great windows of the observatory are practically always open. Miss Klumpke, who is a tall, elegant-looking girl still on the right side of her twenty-fifth year, is one of three distinguished sisters, the two others being severally a well-known miniaturist and a leading lady doctor in Paris.

The Lord Mayor of London, Alderman Stuart Knill, whose sincerity and fidelity to his religious persuasion, as a member of the Roman Catholic Church, merit public respect, gave a dinner at the Mansion House, on April 12, in honour of Cardinal Vaughan and the Bishops of his Church in England. Whether his Lordship was well advised, even upon such a special occasion, in the form of proposing his first toast, "The Holy Father and the Queen," is a question which has excited some discussion in the Court of Common Council. We should say that the Queen's health ought to come first, and ought to stand alone; and then, after "The Prince of Wales and the rest of the Royal Family," many good Protestants would join cordially in drinking the health of Pope Leo XIII., or toasting "The Church." It is hardly worth while, however, to make a fuss about the

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

The Queen, with Princess Beatrice (Henry of Battenberg) and Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, has continued to enjoy her residence at Florence, where she was visited by the King of Italy on Thursday, April 13. The Grand Duke of Hesse, with his sister, Princess Alice of Hesse, next day visited her Majesty. On April 17, Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, with his mother and sisters, visited the Queen, and received her congratulations on his marriage.

The Princess of Wales, with her daughters, Princess Victoria and Princess Maud of Wales, staying with the King and Queen of Greece at Athens, has visited the ruins on the Acropolis and the museums of Greek art and archaeology. The Duke of York, on April 17, left Athens by sea on board H.M.S. Colossus, with Prince George of Greece, for Naples on his way to attend the celebration at Rome of the silver wedding of the King and Queen of Italy.

The Prince of Wales, remaining in London, was present at the reception given by the directors of the New Gallery on April 12, and on Friday, April 14, opened the Meissonier Exhibition. He visited the Duke and Duchess of Fife at East Sheen on Sunday, April 16, and next day went to the Royal Horse Guards' races at Hawthorn Hill, near Maidenhead, where he lunched with the Earl of Erroll and the officers of that regiment. His Royal Highness, in the evening, was at the concert of the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society, at Princes' Hall, Piccadilly.

The Duke of Cambridge, on Monday, April 17, presided at the festival dinner of the East London (Shadwell) Hospital for Children, held at the Hôtel Métropole.

The Duchess of Teck, with Princess May of Teck, on Saturday, April 15, opened the new buildings of St. George's Church Schools at Old Brentford.

Meetings against the Irish Home Rule Bill have been addressed by prominent members of the Opposition during the past week: at Edinburgh and Dalkeith by the Duke of Devonshire, at Birmingham by Mr. Chamberlain, at Manchester by Mr. Goschen, at Limehouse by Mr. Balfour on Tuesday, April 17, and by Lord Randolph Churchill at Perth and other places in Scotland; also in the south of Ireland, at Cork, a great Unionist meeting has been held, at which the Earl of Bandon, the Marquis of Londonderry, and the Earl of Fingall were the chief speakers. The Belfast Chamber of Commerce has published a long address to Mr. Gladstone, setting forth arguments and statistics to prove that Home Rule would be ruinous to Ireland. In England meetings both of the clergy and of the laity have been held in opposition to the proposed disestablishment of the Church in Wales.

Some of the dock-labourers' unions and others connected with the shipping work of London and different English ports have proposed a general strike in support of that which is still going on at Hull. The shipowners and dock companies declare that they have at command abundant free labour even if every unionist goes out, and another detachment of 350 men has been sent off to Hull. At that port the situation is substantially unchanged, work having been steadily prosecuted by free labourers at most of the docks. On Tuesday, April 17, after a conference at the House of Commons the day before, in which Mr. Mundella, President of the Board of Trade, with Mr. Charles Wilson, Mr. J. Havelock Wilson, and Mr. John Burns endeavoured to mediate, there was hope of an immediate settlement, but it was referred to the Shipping Federation.

The trial of Mr. Ben Tillett, an Alderman of the London County Council, for exciting an unlawful assembly at Bristol to riot on Dec. 18, took place at the Central Criminal Court in London, on Friday, April 14, and the following day, before Mr. Justice Cave. The jury, after nearly two hours' deliberation, found that the defendant had used words which were calculated to lead the people to disorderly conduct, but had uttered them in haste, and with no intention to provoke violence. Mr. Justice Cave said this amounted to a verdict of not guilty, and Mr. Tillett was discharged.

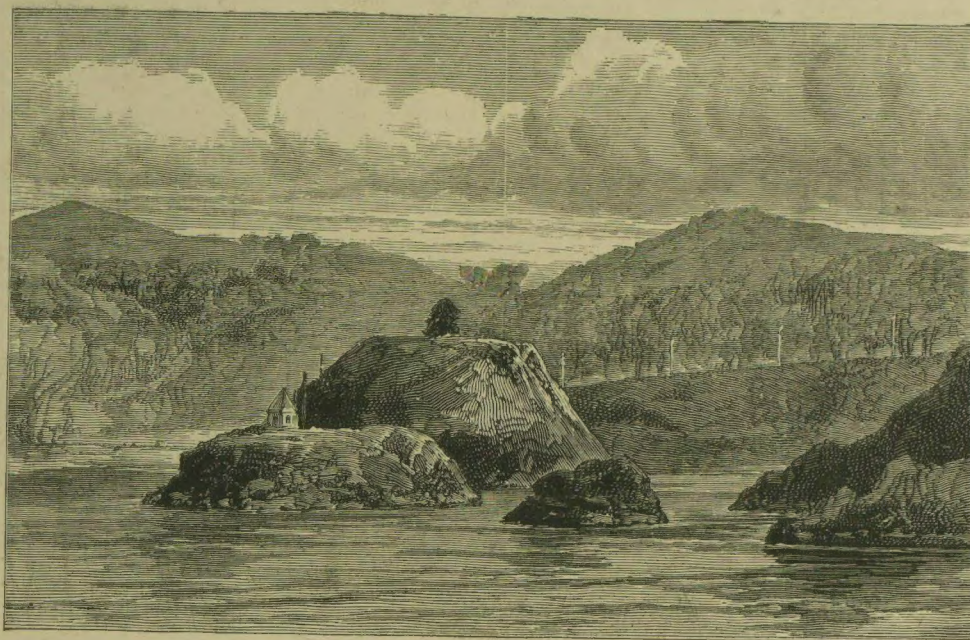
The trial of Sir Henry Isaacs, an ex-Lord Mayor of London, Mr. Joseph Isaacs, Mr. C. Dollman, and Mr. Horatio Bottomley, on a charge of conspiracy to defraud the Hansard Union (Limited), which stood adjourned from Feb. 28, in consequence of the illness of one of the jury, was resumed at the High Court on Monday, April 17, before Mr. Justice Hawkins and a special jury. Several witnesses were called and examined for the defence. The trial is still proceeding.

Mr. Jabez Spencer Balfour, formerly M.P., chairman of the Liberator Society, by the operations of which, and of the building and financing companies associated with it,

people have lost over seven millions sterling, will be arrested at Buenos Ayres, to be brought to England for a criminal prosecution.

The disastrous fire in the Rhondda Great Western Colliery, near Pontypridd, South Wales, on April 11, has caused the death of sixty-five men, and great distress to hundreds of families. A subscription for the relief of the latter has been opened by the Lord Mayor of London at the Mansion House.

The railway companies associated in the working of the East Coast route between England and Scotland, following



SUBMARINE TELEPHONE BETWEEN SCOTLAND AND IRELAND: PORT KAIL, WIGTOWNSHIRE.

the example of the London and North-Western and Caledonian Companies, announce the withdrawal of the second-class carriages and fares between stations in England and stations in Scotland, from May 1.

The German Emperor William and the Empress left Berlin on Tuesday, April 18, for Rome, to be present at the silver wedding of the King and Queen of Italy.

The agitation prevailing in Brussels and some other Belgian towns, pending the discussions on the electoral franchise question, has been attended with serious riots, which, seem, however, to be more of a Socialist than of a political character, and to have some connection with the strike of the miners, to the number of 15,000, in the Mons district. On April 13, at Brussels, the streets were filled with bands of men, who threw stones and smashed windows, and were dispersed only by the police using their sabres. The disturbances were renewed two or three days later, and on April 16 M. Buis, the Burgomaster of Brussels, was savagely assaulted with a loaded stick, receiving a severe wound in the head. The whole of the Civic Guard, supported by gendarmes and regular troops, was called out on Tuesday, the 18th, to maintain order in the capital. At Antwerp, a large warehouse was burnt by incendiaries, and there was a riot in which four persons were killed.

The cyclone storm which visited the American States

were killed, eighty were injured, and most of the houses, with the Prefecture, the church of St. Dionysius, and the theatre, were reduced to ruins. According to official reports the destruction among the villages of Zante is not so great as in the town. One village, Gaetani, has been totally destroyed. At the time of the principal shock the sea receded several feet from the shore, probably owing to the opening of a submarine cavity. A severe shock was felt also at Patras, at Pyrgos, and on the western shore of the Peloponnesus. The Greek ironclads Psara and Spetzai, the French war-ship Iphigénie, and her Majesty's ship Inflexible have arrived in Zante harbour, to render all possible assistance.

A fire on April 17, at the Castle of Sigmaringen, on the Danube, the mansion of the Prince of Hohen-zollern, where Princess Marie of Edinburgh was lately married to Prince Ferdinand of Roumania, has destroyed one wing of the building. The pictures and other treasures of art were not injured.

Destructive fires continue to be reported from various parts of Hungary. On April 17 two whole streets in Kalocsa were burned to the ground, the high wind which prevailed rendering it impossible to confine the fire to the house where it broke out. Several persons received injuries, and the loss of property is estimated at 200,000 fl. An extensive fire also occurred at Temesvar, a number of houses and other buildings in one of the suburbs being destroyed. In the small town of Jaszladany 120 houses and in Also Kubin seventy houses are reported to have been burned down. This series of catastrophes is the consequence of the exceptionally dry season, and not of incendiarism.

The Russian Imperial Government has suppressed, in its Baltic province of Livonia, the German University of Dorpat, which was founded in 1632, by Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, during the Thirty Years' War. It was, until comparatively recent times, an institution of considerable repute for learning, especially in the faculty of medicine. A new Russian University, that of Zuriew, is to absorb its endowments.

A company of three thousand pilgrims, consisting of Delegates of the French Société des Œuvres Catholiques, were received in audience by the Pope on April 18. His Holiness urged the pilgrims, in common with all well-disposed Frenchmen, to remain loyal to the Republican constitution.

The Paris Bar Committee has pronounced the suspension for three months of M. Léon Renault and Albert Grévy, on account of the Panama scandal.

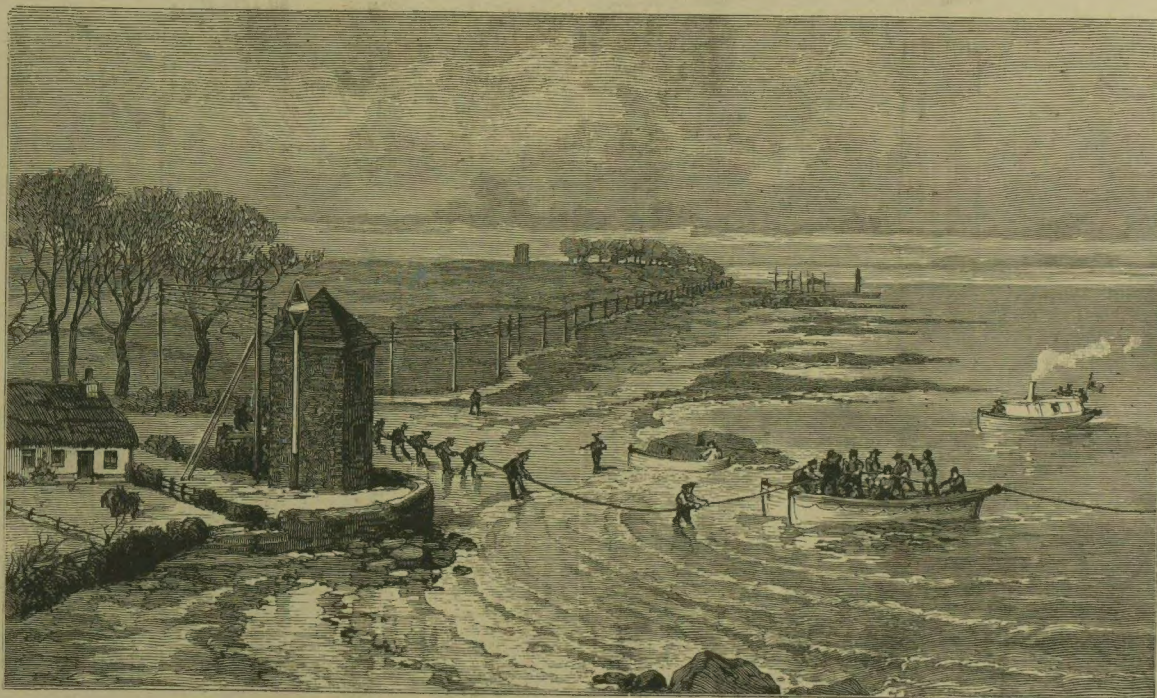
The Government of New South Wales has made arrangements for a reduction of one million sterling in its expenditure this year.

THE TELEPHONE BETWEEN SCOTLAND AND IRELAND.

On April 4, as was stated last week, the submarine telephone cable of the General Post Office from Port Kail, on the Wigtownshire coast, to Donaghadee, on the coast of County Down, was successfully laid by the Post Office

Telegraph ship Monarch. This work has been done in accordance with a resolution of the House of Commons last Session for the provision of direct telephone lines for public use. The Post Office authorities will, in the next twelve months, provide telephone lines from London to Leeds, Sheffield, Nottingham, Derby, Manchester, Birmingham, Liverpool, Hull, Glasgow, Bristol, and Cardiff. The new submarine cable, in connection with the land lines already constructed, places Glasgow in direct communication with Belfast; it will form the central section of a longer circuit, extending in one direction to Dublin and Cork, in the other to Edinburgh, and ultimately to Aberdeen and Inverness. The cable, made by the Siemens Company, is 23½ nautical miles long, and is similar to that laid down between Dover and Calais about two years ago. It contains four conductors, of copper wire, each weighing 160 lb., having an

electrical resistance of 7.5 ohms per nautical mile, at a temperature of 75 deg.; these are protected, by a brass sheathing around the core, from the depredations of the teredo or other marine animals. The submarine line, after being laid, was tested by Mr. J. C. Lamb, Telegraph Secretary, and Mr. W. H. Preece, Chief Engineer to the General Post Office. It was found to work very much better than the line between London and Paris. Among the earliest speakers by this telephone were Lord Kelvin and Sir George Burns, Lord Provost of Glasgow, at one end, and Sir Daniel Dixon, Lord Mayor of Belfast, at the other.



SUBMARINE TELEPHONE BETWEEN SCOTLAND AND IRELAND: DONAGHADEE, COUNTY DOWN.

west of Michigan, the Upper Mississippi, Dakota, and Missouri, on April 11 and April 12, caused immense damage and much loss of life. Several villages were entirely destroyed, farm-buildings, crops, fruit, and cattle were swept away, and the amount of devastation cannot yet be reckoned, flood and fire, the latter from the sudden overthrow of wooden houses, adding to the havoc made by the furious storm of wind.

The Greek island of Zante was again visited, on Monday, April 17, by an earthquake, which is said to have been more destructive than those of January and February last. The chief town suffered greatly; seventeen persons



Photo by Alessandri Brothers, Rome.

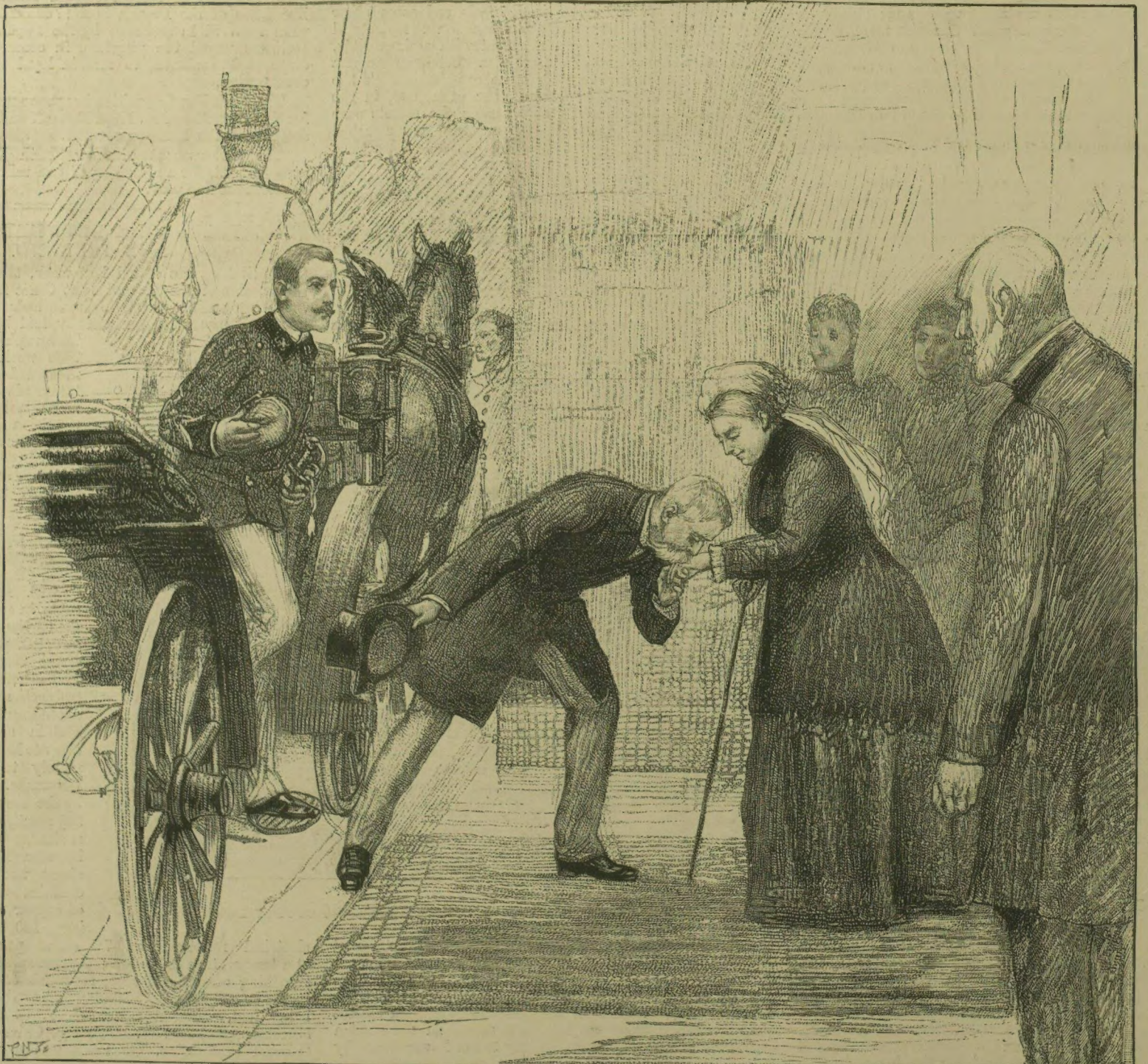
KING HUMBERT.



Photo by Alessandri Brothers, Rome.

QUEEN MARGHERITA.

SILVER WEDDING OF THE KING AND QUEEN OF ITALY.



VISIT OF THE KING OF ITALY AND THE DUKE OF AOSTA TO QUEEN VICTORIA AT FLORENCE.

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

THE REBEL QUEEN

By
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CHAPTER XXI.

I am ashamed that women are so simple
To offer war where they should kneel for peace.

Taming of the Shrew.



It doesn't seem right to be calling you plain Francesca," said Nelly, washing up the cups and saucers in the morning after this visit to the Patriarch.

"Oh! But why not?"

"Because you are so rich, you know, and we are such little people."

"Nonsense. Let me help you with the tea-things, Nelly. To think that this is the first time I have ever washed a cup and saucer in my life, and you've been doing it, I suppose every day! Now then, I will take these cups—so—and Nell—Nelly—it's such a pretty name, isn't it? Fancy our living here in the house together and calling each other Miss. Miss Bernard, may I wash another cup for you? Besides, I hate the word Miss. Why are the English names so ugly? Mister—Mistress—Missis—Miss? No wonder the English people are so fond of titles. One would give a great deal to escape being Miss or Missis. I should like to be Lady Francesca. I think, as I never mean to marry, I shall go back to our old Spanish way, and call myself Señorita until I am thirty, and then I will become Señora."

Francesca was animated and interested. She spoke with a return to the old cheerfulness based on a certain personal dignity which never left her. She belonged to that class of women—perhaps the highest and best—who can be cheerful but are never childishly light-hearted. The frivolities of conversation or of life attract them not. Even in early maidenhood, when life is fullest of enjoyment, they are never carried out of themselves.

"We are Spanish too," said Nelly. "And Nelly is not my proper name. Most of us have names which we do not use. But, of course, you have heard. My true name is Preciada—Preciada Albu."

"Oh! Preciada. The old man called you Preciada yesterday. I thought it was a term of endearment. What a pretty name! The Señorita Preciada Albu! Why don't you write up the name on your window card instead of Miss Bernard? Preciada! Yes, I know the name."

"Clara's real name is Polisa, the Lady. That is pretty too. I wonder what yours is?"

"Plain Francesca. Nothing more."

Nelly shook her head doubtfully. "They ought to have told you," she said. "They've told you nothing. Shall I tell you some other names? I think no people have such pretty names as our people. There is Leucha, which is Leah, you know; and Reyna, the Queen. Clara tells me that you have a servant named Melkah, which is the same thing. They turn Melkah into Amelia and Milly, and Emily. Just in the same way they turn Beyt-Shevah, which the Christians call Bathsheba, into Betsy and Bessy and Bess. But that is chiefly among the Poles and Germans. Then, some of our girls are called Estella, Oro, Perla, Luna—you couldn't possibly have more loving names, could you? Because, you see, though there is no rejoicing when a girl is born among us, our fathers are just as fond of their girls as any other fathers."

"It is a very pretty custom. But again, why do you call yourself Nelly Bernard instead of Preciada Albu?"

"I don't know why. A great many of the People trade and live under assumed names. I suppose, because in the old

times there was so much hatred and persecution. Father won't call himself on the Turf by his own name, and he wouldn't like me to put the true name on my door. It doesn't matter, and there is something pleasant and mysterious in having your true name behind. It's like being a noble lord in disguise, isn't it?"

"Perhaps. Now the breakfast things are washed and put away"—they were kept in the cupboard—"what are you going to do next?"

"Well, if you are to have any dinner to-day I must go and look after it. I thought of a beefsteak pie, if you could fancy it. You could? Then I must go and make it."

"Oh!" The maiden of many hotels stared. "You make—you really make—yourself, your own things to eat? Nell, I have never in my life seen anything made. May I look on?"

"Never seen anything made? Why, how in the world—don't rich people have kitchens? Don't you look after your servants?"

"No. Somebody else does that. We have a housekeeper, too. In hotels I suppose there is a steward or somebody."

"You never saw anything made? Did you believe"—Nelly laughed merrily—"that puddings and pies grew on trees like fruit?"

"I never thought about it. I really do begin to see that things must be made, else they couldn't be brought up. You see, Nell, I lived for seventeen years in hotels, where certainly no one ever asks how things are made. And then we went into a house of our own, where a housekeeper looks after everything for us. It's a kind of hotel, only that all the rooms are private rooms, and we invite the people to our table d'hôte at eight. And then, of course, there is the Magic Knob."

"What is the Magic Knob? I never heard of a Magic Knob."

"It was the present of a Jinn," Francesca explained, gravely. "He gave it to me when I was a baby. He looked, I am told, a very benevolent old Jinn when he called bearing his gift, but I now begin to doubt his kindness. For I think he meant mischief. There are such Jinns, you know. He brought me a Magic Knob for his gift—quite a simple white button of a thing—and laid it in my cradle. 'Place this Knob,' he said, 'on the wall, wherever the child is living. Teach her, whenever she wants anything, to press the Knob, and to ask for it. She may ask for anything—houses, carriages, dinner, amusements, friends, anything. All she has to do is to press the Knob.' Did you ever hear such a kind old Jinn? It is only for us Orientals, you know, that Jinns do these things. I suspect that it was a Jinn who taught you how to play the banjo so beautifully. The gift is, perhaps, better than my Knob. Well, you may be quite sure that they made haste to teach me the

properties of the Magic Knob, and of course, I was quick to learn how to use a gift which provided such wonderful things. I have it still, this Magic Knob. But I purposely left it at home. I press it with my thumb, and, ecco! whatever I want comes up the lift."

"I understand," said Nell, "you're so rich you have only to ring the bell. I like this kind of talk, Francesca. I could never put things in that way. You ought to write a book. A Magic Knob!"

"That is the meaning of my little apologue. Here is no Magic Knob, and my Jinn is no use to me."

"Here," said Nell, "if we want anything we have got to make it for ourselves. Just as I am now going to make the pie. And if you can't afford to buy the materials, want's



Francesca finished her letter. It was to Harold.

your master, as they say. That's why I haven't got a silk frock. And now, if you like, we'll go down into the kitchen."

She led the way down the narrow stair; Francesca followed, expecting a gloomy vault. She found herself in a small, well-lighted basement room. There were shelves with plates and dishes; bright dish-covers hung on the wall; the place was curiously clean and bright.

"This is my kitchen," said Nell. "It's only a little one, but it is clean at any rate. And now I'm going to get the things ready."

"Strange!" said her visitor, "that I have never seen a kitchen before. I suppose big kitchens are like little ones, since the same things come out of them."

There was in the kitchen a girl of fifteen or so, a slip of a girl, who evidently represented the Service. Her name was Alma: she wore a white apron like a nurse, and she had big eyes. She stood staring at the young lady who had never seen a kitchen before. When she fully understood the strangeness of this experience, she began to laugh continuously. This did not interfere with her assistance. She placed on the table a basin with flour, a plate with butter, another plate with a piece of steak upon it: a slab of wood, a rolling-pin, the salt and pepper, and other ingredients. Then Nelly washed her hands, turned up her sleeves, and began while Francesca looked on.

"Oh!" she cried. "It really is interesting. This is how the pie-crust looks before it is baked: and this is the meat. Nelly, don't you think we shall remember how dreadful it looked before it was baked? Shall we be able to eat any?"

"It doesn't look half so dreadful as the meat that other people eat. This is Kosher—our own meat. You won't find it look dreadful at all when the pie comes up. Now, Alma, the pepper."

"To think," said Francesca, "of one's want of curiosity! I never before in all my life asked myself how things got made. If I wanted pie I pressed the Magic Knob, and pie came up the lift. It makes things so real—so real"—her voice dropped—"just to feel that things have got to be made by hands. That deceitful Jinn! Everything was part of the machinery. Boots—I suppose they have to be cleaned. And toast has to be baked, and beds have to be made."

"Everything's got to be made," said Nelly, "and by my hands too, unless Alma helps."

"Nell, while I am here, will you let me do whatever you do in the house? May I take my share?"

Nelly burst into loud laughing. "Oh!" she cried, "you know nothing; you think everything comes by wishing or asking, or pressing your Magic Knob. You couldn't, Francesca. There's your hands to consider first of all. You've got the loveliest, whitest hands in the world."

"Never mind my hands. Tell me what I can do—what you do."

Nellie sat down, her hands and arms white with flour, for the pie was nearly completed.

"Well, now. Let us consider. Alma does the scrubbing. She cleans the windows and the doorsteps, and washes the stairs and scrubs the kitchen floor and brooms the passage. Alma takes the water to the rooms. Alma scours pots and pans. Alma cleans the knives and boots. Alma washes the vegetables and peels the potatoes. Alma boils the kettle when there is no fire upstairs. You've no idea what a lot there is to do, even in a little house like this. Alma's a good little maid," Nelly added, with severity, "though she's got the bad manners to laugh before strangers." Here Alma, who had been giggling before the visitor, was reduced to tears and hanging of head. "I do pretty well all the rest. I make the beds; I dust the parlour. Sometimes I lay the fires, I look after the curtains and things. I make and mend the linen, I buy the dinner and make the puddings: I lay the cloth while Alma brings up the things; I wash up the tea-things; and I teach my pupils, and make my dresses. What would you like to do of all this, Francesca? What could you do?"

"I believe, if you teach me, I could make my own bed. Everything that one makes for oneself must feel so very truly real."

"It is real, sure enough," said Nelly. "Very well, you shall have your own way, and now the pie may be left to Alma—not too fierce a fire, child—and we'll go upstairs again. Did you see anything you wanted yesterday?"

"Oh! yes. I saw your great-grandfather and his household. And I saw outside all those people."

"If you want to go slumming, you can. But what good can you get by seeing poor miserable people?"

"Supposing one was so hard-hearted as not even to feel any pity for miserable people?"

"Why should you pity them? They have brought themselves to it. If they'd work and wouldn't drink they would not be there at all, I suppose."

"But the women, at least?" said Madame Elveda's daughter.

"The women are worse than the men. Don't talk to me about the women! They are horrible to look at. And their language is enough to make you sick."

"The children, then?"

"Well—perhaps—I don't say. You may pity the children as much as you please. It would be best to take the children away from their parents as soon as they are born. There! Father says it's with men as with horses: the breed is good or bad. Down there it's bad. Emanuel says it is the Law. Wickedness has got to be punished somehow or other to the third and fourth generation. Down there they're mostly in the second or the third—the worst place, you know. Take the children, then, and try if you can teach them to work. But the ladies who poke about don't mean to take the children or to do anything. They just like dabbling in dirt."

"Don't let us dabble in dirt. Let us see the average life—the common life. It has been outside me all along."

"If I were you I would keep it outside me," Nelly replied, incredulous of the ills attendant upon riches. "Common

people, to begin with, must be disagreeable, because they are always wanting things they can't get."

"Well, but, Nelly—you who know the working girl, you who are surrounded by working girls—you must surely feel pity for her?"

"Not a bit," said Nelly, stoutly; "we've all got to work unless we've got money. Work keeps 'em out of mischief. A pretty time we should have if these girls went trapesing up and down the road all day long with their ulsters and their yellow feathers!"

"Well, but their long hours and their dreadful pay?"

"How are you going to prevent long hours and bad pay? There must be long hours and bad pay unless you fix a price for everything. What you can't help you had better let alone. The best of them will get out of the hole somehow."

"Oh!" Francesca grew feeble. "The women are so oppressed!"

"Women oppressed? Not much. Not if they know it. If you want meekness go to the men. Look here, Francesca, I've seen your mother's book. Clara lent it to me. I've only read a bit—the bit I know, the bit about these parts."

"Well, it's all true, isn't it?"

"I daresay. But you see, she's made a great mistake."

"What's that?"

"She's only left out the Man. That's all. *Left out the Man.*"

"The book dealt with the condition of woman, not of man, at all."

"It's this way. She didn't understand. The women and the men must be taken together, not separate. If the women are badly paid, so are the men. The women get the worst of it because they are women, which is natural. But you must take the man as well. It isn't the condition of poor women, but of poor men and women."

"Yet women work apart from the men."

"Sometimes. But their work is all part of the work that men do as well. You must take trade as it is. There are foremen in this street will tell you that wages have got to go lower and lower still if the work is to be carried on at all. How can you help low wages?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. I thought"—

"Your mother doesn't know anything about it, Francesca. Excuse my speaking so. But she doesn't when she talks of the women as if they were separate from the men. As for me, I am ever so much more sorry for the men, because they want so many things that we can do without."

"No," said Francesca firmly. "Woman is the equal of man."

"Is she?" Nellie laughed derisively. "What would father say if I were to get up and tell him I was his equal? What would that old man of ours say if he were to hear such a thing? What would they say in synagogue if a woman was to get up in the gallery and tell the congregation that a woman is as good as a man? Francesca, you are another Lilith. What? You don't even know about Lilith? I thought all the world knew that story. It's a children's story with us. Lilith, you see, was the first woman made. She was made before Eve. She was given to Adam for his wife. But when she found that she would have to obey her husband she rebelled. She rebelled against the Law. So she was driven out of Paradise and became an Evil Spirit. Then Eve was created, and she understood that she would have to obey, and did obey—she and all her daughters to the present day. But Lilith hated her, and would have destroyed her if she could. And ever since she has been trying to destroy Eve's children as soon as they are born. We keep her out by a black line of charcoal drawn all round the room. Evil spirits cannot cross the black line. There, Francesca, that's the story of Lilith, and mind you take warning."

CHAPTER XXII.

Fie! Fie! How wayward is this foolish love!

Francesca finished her letter. It was to Harold. She had promised that the little episode already recorded should make no difference in her letters. But, when she read this letter over before consigning it to its envelope, she perceived that there was a difference. Something had gone out of the letter. Now, if you dictate to a shorthand writer you will understand what Francesca felt. Something goes out of a letter when it passes through another hand. Something of yourself goes out of it. The dictated letter is an impersonal thing: a cold thing. She felt that her letter was cold. The soul of it was gone. Why could she no longer write to him in the old familiar way! She perceived the change, and it worried her. Harold would think there was something wrong.

She addressed her letter, however, and put on her hat, proposing to take it to the post. She was so much occupied with her thoughts that she did not become aware, until she reached the last stair, that there was a manly voice—the voice of an angry man—upraised in wrath, and that it was accompanied by crying and sobbing. Both came from the parlour. The man's voice she knew not. But the crying and the sobbing she coupled with the name of Nelly.

She hesitated a moment. Then she threw open the door and looked in. Alas! Nelly was sitting on the sofa, her face in her handkerchief, crying and sobbing in a most lamentable manner. Before her, flourishing his arms, flushed, angry, accusing, stood a young man. Then Francesca remembered. This must be the young man whom Nelly could not marry.

"Oh!" cried the angry young man, his voice trembling with passion. "You've made a fool of me. I've got the lodgings and bought the things, and told the landlady and all the fellows. Everything is ready, and you go and throw me over at the last moment. What are you made of? What are you made of, I say?"

"Oh! Anthony!" the girl cried. "Oh! Anthony, you are so cruel."

"You're a flirt; you're a jilt; you're a false, lying, worthless wretch! I ought to be glad to be rid of you. And

I am, too—I am. I'll go and throw myself into the river. My last words shall be that you done it—you—it was suicide on account of a faithful love and a false girl. It will be on the bills. 'Romantic Suicide! A False Mistress!! A Constant Lover!!! Inquest!!!! Verdict!!!!!!' His voice rose with gloomy satisfaction as he considered the glory of this end. "All the same, you're a jilt. You lead a chap on and on. You tell him that you love him. You let him put up your name at the Registry; you let him buy the furniture, and then you throw him over at the last moment. Well, I'm going"—but he did not move. "You can tell the fellows to fish me out of the river Lea below the works, where the water's green with chemicals, and it's certain death only to tumble in. I shall be dyed green. You can tell 'em where to look for me. A green body, tell 'em—green." He looked as grim as he could manage. "And you'll remember all your life what a banjo-player you've destroyed. You—with your religion and stuff! If a girl loves a chap, what does she care about her religion, especially when it's a mouldy old synagogue?"

Then he perceived Francesca and stopped short.

"I am very sorry," said Francesca. "I did not know, Nelly, dear, you were in trouble."

Nelly looked up, applying her handkerchief to her eyes. "Oh! Francesca, I have been foolish. I let him come here, and I was afraid all along that it couldn't be. I ought to have stopped him before. Now I know it can't be. It's too much to ask of any girl. But I encouraged him. What am I to say?"

"Couldn't be!" echoed the young man. "Why couldn't it be, I should like to know?" He caught her roughly by the wrist.

"Let me go!" cried Nelly, springing to her feet.

"Francesca, tell him I am not so heartless as he thinks. It was a foolish dream. Tell him that it is impossible. Let me go, Anthony. Tell him he must not come here any more. I can't bear it. Tell him, Francesca."

She tore herself from the young man's grasp and ran out of the room. Had Francesca observed it—she left the door ajar—had anyone outside, say Emanuel, observed, he would have seen her stop outside the door to listen, whether in hope or despair I know not. But she did listen. She was not above listening. And her listening, as you will learn, changed her whole life, and caused things unnumbered. For, as the moralist has often assured an unheeding world, we never know what is going to happen.

Nelly listened; she checked her sobs; she bent forward and then she listened. And this is what she heard, and what went on which she did not see.

Francesca remembered the words of Clara about Nelly's love affair; impossible love affair she called it. This, then, was the lover, hearing for the first time that the thing was impossible. She felt pity for the unfortunate young man. He took his disappointment so very bitterly. Unlike some young men who, when they hear that a thing is impossible, laugh and go off with a smile on their lips, this young man stood trembling with emotion; a tear—only one—ran down his flushed cheek, his lips trembled, his head trembled, his hands trembled, his eyes flamed with anger. She felt more pity for him because in this way of showing his anger, he betrayed the weakness of his character. He was a good-looking young man, dressed in last year's Piccadilly fashion, light hair that curled all over his head and features, which, had they been stronger, would have made him a handsome man; his figure was slight, but in stature he was sufficient.

"Well," he said, roughly, "what's the good of your interfering? Can't Nelly manage her own affairs? You are one of the precious cousins, I suppose, that she is so anxious not to leave. A lot of good you are to her—you and the rest of you."

"I am not one of Nelly's cousins, but I am a friend of hers."

"Very well, then. I suppose you think it's a fine thing to draw a man on and then to make a fool of him. Why, all the fellows know about it. A fool of me. That's what she's done. She's been out with me: she's walked with me: she's been to the theatre with me: she's been to Chigwell and to the Forest with me: she's taken my presents: she's asked me to tea—here: she's introduced me to her cousin. Oh! And she said she loved me. She said she did. And now she throws me over."

"I think you are very much to be pitied Mr.—Pray what is your name?"

"My name is Hayling—Anthony Hayling. You must have heard my name," he added, "in connection with our local Parliament. I speak there. I am acknowledged to be their best speaker."

"I fear you have been treated very badly, Mr. Hayling. But you see that Nelly herself acknowledges this. She says she is very sorry. Can't you understand that she did not quite realise what it meant?"

"She knew that I wanted to marry her. What else could it mean?"

"Yes—but she did not understand—well—how much you wanted, and besides, she did not understand what her marriage with you would mean! Can you not make allowance for her now that she does understand?"

"No—I can't. And I won't."

"Let us sit down and talk the thing over quietly. Take the sofa, Mr. Hayling. Pick up your hat. Now let us talk reasonably. You know that if Nelly married you she must give up her father, her cousins, her friends, her religion—everything. She must go to you quite alone, without a friend in the world."

"So she says."

"This is a great thing to ask a woman to do for your sake, Mr. Hayling. Do you think—let me ask you seriously—that there is any woman in the world for whom you would do so much? Think—to give up all your friends—everything—for the sake of a woman?"

"Women are different," said the chivalrous lover.

"Well, then, since you must acknowledge that it is a great thing for her to do, what are you going to give her in return?"

"Give her? Don't I tell you that I am going to marry her?"

"That I understand. But again, if you propose to begin by robbing a girl of those things which she can never replace—never, mind—for the early friendships and the ties of blood, if you break them, leave a blank that cannot be filled up—I say then, what are you going to give her in return for this sacrifice?"

"Give her?" he repeated. "I am going to marry her, I say. Isn't that enough?"

It was no use. Against this sublime vanity no question or reason or argument could effect anything. "You believe," said Francesca, "that a woman may make any sacrifice—any—and that you more than repay it by condescending to marry her?"

"I don't know what you mean by condescending."

"Never mind. After marriage—we will suppose that she thinks the price paid fully compensates—you expect, I suppose, your wife to obey you."

The young man smiled, superior. "I should like to see the woman," he replied, "who wouldn't obey me."

"Quite so; and just what I expected. The woman is the lower animal, you think."

"I don't know about lower. But of course she's got to do what she's told."

"Yes. And about this bargain. The girl has thrown over everything in order to marry you. In return, you give her—Yourself. Have you got anything else to give? Money—prospects—anything? How are you going to live?"

"I've got quite as much to begin with as any other fellow. Thirty shillings is not such a bad screw, and Nelly can make as much herself, and more, at her own work."

"So you expect her to contribute her share towards the housekeeping?"

"Of course I do."

"Her bargain, therefore, is this. She gives up everything—friends, and religion, and all—in order to marry you. She continues her own work: in addition she obeys a new master. She takes care of your household and your clothes and things in addition to her own: and she has to consider the possibility of children. What do you give her in return? Yourself. Mr. Hayling, I think you value yourself at a very high figure."

Mr. Hayling laughed. "Girls are all the same," he said. "What's the good of talking about bargains? What do girls think about bargains, and exchange, and all that rot? They want their fancy; they want no other girl to get him. Nell would have me. That's all she wants to make her happy. If you knew me, Miss," he added modestly, "I think you'd say that was enough for any girl. Suppose, now, just for argument, that you were in love with me."

Francesca pushed her chair back. "We will suppose no such nonsense, Mr. Hayling."

"Oh! It's just as you like. All I meant was this. What's the good of asking about the bargain? When a girl's in love, I say, she doesn't stop to consider the bargain. She wants the man all for herself, and not for any other girl to get him. That's what she wants. And what I say is that Nelly was in love with me, and I believe she is still, only she's frightened by you, or somebody like you, about giving up this and that. Let her come to me, that's all. I'll be religion, and father and mother, and sister and brother, and cousins and all. I told her cousin Clara so, three weeks ago. Only let her come to me. Work for me? Of course she will. And joyful to do it. If she wouldn't, another girl would obey me? Of course she will, and joyful too. If she wouldn't, another girl would. You're a girl yourself, and you can't pretend that it isn't true. Have you ever been in love? You are turning red. Then you have. And you know."

This speech certainly put the case with elementary simplicity. Where was equality? Where the equal rights? Every kind of sacrifice expected of the girl: of the man, nothing. And to give up everything for the sake of this insignificant little clerk! In her innocence, Francesca had thought that girls should be wooed and won. But that girls

should be willing to do everything and give up everything, in eagerness to be married, in order to prevent other girls from getting "the man of their fancy"—Oh! of their fancy!—this was new to her. She also thought that if a man should win a girl, there should be gifts, great gifts, all that a man has to give—that is, not only money for the house, but the distinction of intellect and ability, and station. But here was a man who could bring his wife nothing—nothing at all—except himself.

She repeated this last remark aloud.

"And quite enough too," said the young man. "What more could a girl expect?"

If this was all, where again was the equality of woman? Who can do battle for such women as these if they do not desire even the assertion of their own equality?



Nelly sank on her knees—actually on her knees—before this shallow, hare-brained pretender.

"You think, Mr. Hayling, that any girl would be honoured by your attentions?"

"Come to that," he replied, "though you sneer over it, I think she would. See here, Miss—I don't know your name—Nelly hasn't told you much, I see; she hasn't told you that I am not only a clerk in the works. I've three strings to my bow, and all of them good strings, strong strings. I'm Parliamentary. I speak in our Parliament. I can get into the House if I like. After that you'll see how I'll run up the ladder. Then I can sing and play the banjo. If I should go on the boards there's a fortune. And I'm scientific; in a chemical works I know how things are made! You shall see, if you like, what I can give any girl who marries me."

"I am afraid, Mr. Hayling, you underestimate the difficulty of rising in the world."

"You don't believe me? Well, I can't make you believe me, but if you'll come some evening to our Ladies' Gallery, or if you'll hear me play and sing—I can't show you here, because I've done with this house and everybody in it."

"You are very kind, Mr. Hayling. I only wanted to make

you understand that you must not be so selfish as to expect such a sacrifice from Nell. As I seem to have failed in making you understand anything of the kind, I think you had better go."

She pushed back her chair and rose. He, too, rose, and stood before her, and in his face there was gathering an expression which disquieted the girl—no girl can fail to perceive the meaning of a certain look in a man's eye. To be sure there is a vast gulf between such a one as Harold Alleyne and such a one as Anthony Hayling, yet the expression of the eyes was the same with both.

"Enough said, Mr. Hayling. You had better go."

"Wait a bit. We're off with the old love, ain't we? That's done with. Nelly may go and be hanged for all I care. There's as good girls in the sea as ever came out of it. She's done with. I don't care. I've seen a girl I like better, and that's you, Miss—what's your name? Something pretty, I swear. Come, now. You can't hurt Nell, because she's given me up of her own accord. I have told you who I am and what I mean to do. I don't care two-pence about her any longer. She's made a fool of me. If you'll take her place, you can."

Francesca placed the chair between and laughed. She was not even angry: she laughed. Take the place of Nell beside the little clerk? She laughed aloud.

"I thought you'd catch on," said this young man desirably. "They always begin by laughing. Come now. Shall we say next Sunday? Nelly? Why she isn't fit to hold a candle to you. I never saw much in her at any time, only she was so fondling, you know; she made me take pity and"—

Here the door burst open violently and Nelly herself rushed in. She was the jealous woman. She interposed like a goddess out of a machine to stop the triumph of the other girl. Flames visibly darted from her eyes: her cheek had a red blot on either side as big as half-a-crown; she gasped: she panted; she caught her heart with her hand. She was that creature so seldom seen in more cultivated regions, the woman ungoverned and ungovernable—wounded in her affections and in her self-respect.

"Oh!" she cried. "Before my very eyes! In my own house! No—I won't have it. I won't endure it! Go!" She turned to Anthony. "Let me never see your hateful face again! Oh! You would drown yourself for a girl one minute and the next—oh! And you"—She turned fiercely upon Francesca. "You!—Oh! You would take my lover from me."

Although she had ordered Anthony out of the house she did not apparently expect him to obey, for she threw herself between him and Francesca, and now turned upon the latter, her hands clenched, panting, raging, maddened. Fortunately Francesca had the protection of the chair which had first served her against the fickle youth.

"He isn't worth it, Nelly," said Francesca. "After this you ought to send him away and despise him."

Nelly wrung her hands. She could not be jealous of this calm, cold girl who looked down upon the faithless lover with such a scorn. She burst into crying and wailing. "Oh!" she moaned. "I wish I was dead. I am so miserable. Oh! what shall I do? What shall I do?"

"Come away with me, Nelly dear. And forget that such a man exists. He will find another girl in an hour or two, I daresay."

"Oh! no—no—no—I cannot."

Anthony Hayling turned airily to his old sweetheart, laughing.

"Suppose I knew you were behind the door all the time, Nell—eh? Suppose I knew I should fetch you with pretending? Why, do you think I'd make real love to a stand-off, stuck-up girl like this girl here? You ought to know me better, Nelly. There's no nonsense about me. It's an arm round your neck," he suited the action to the word, and drew the girl gently, "and"—Francesca looked to see her tear herself away. But no, pride and love cannot dwell together, that is an old, old saying. Instead of indignantly tearing herself away Nelly sank on her knees—actually on her knees—before this shallow, hare-brained pretender, who one minute before had been ready to take on another girl, and had actually seriously proposed to begin a new courtship with the other girl, and in her hearing, too. She sank upon her knees, and she caught his hand and kissed it. "Oh! Anthony," she murmured, "Anthony! I cannot live without you. I will give up everything—friends, and home, and religion, and all—and I will go with you. Oh! Anthony, only forgive me—forgive me!"

He raised her. He placed her weeping on the sofa. Then he folded his arms, and looking up at the corner of the ceiling, as they do at the Pavilion Theatre, he said grandly, "Nelly, thou art forgiven!"

(To be continued.)

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.



"GIPSY ZILLAH."—BY T. J. SHIELDS.

It is many years since the "Old Society" has shown in so goodly array or in such uniform strength as in the present summer exhibition. The notably high level of work to which water-colour painting has been brought would compensate in a great measure for sameness of treatment or repetition of subject. But even these sources of weakness are but slightly visible on this occasion; while the very admirable hanging of the room brings into prominence the best points of the best painters. It must not, however, be supposed that the room contains nothing but *chefs-d'œuvre*, or that there are none in which the "Fallacy of Finish" does not veil the want of imagination.

Sir John Gilbert is, for example, but indifferently represented by two slight suggestions from Gil Blas's career, neither of which will be reckoned among his best work, but both will be accepted as instances of vigorous handling and imagination at an age when both one and the other generally fail. Mr. Alfred Hunt returns with more than his usual delicacy with memories of Greece, Greta, and of Surrey. His most important work, "A South Country Manor House" (113) is easily recognisable as one of the few moated and fortified farmhouses still surviving, and it recalls with accuracy the dangers to which the outlying inhabitants of the vale of Albury were once exposed. Mr. Thorne Waite becomes each year more a follower of De Wint, not only in his methods, but in the form of his pictures—well adapted for giving a sense of distance to flat landscapes. In such studies of atmospheric effect as

"A Fine Day" (218) and "A Wet Day" (228), and again in the more definite subjects of "Aldborough" (11), and the "Littlehampton Downs" (36) we have excellent specimens of Mr. Thorne Waite's style, which never wearies the student nor palls upon the taste of the connoisseur. On the other hand, one cannot but feel that Mr. Tom Lloyd runs the risk of thinking too much of how his picture will "make up" or reproduce—as, for instance, "The Anchor Inn" (27), in which the windows of the red-tiled house in the background, and the river reeds in the foreground are of equal value. "Ploughing on the White Frost" (14), by the same artist, is less open to this reproach; but the horses have not the reality which Mr. Beavis has been able to throw into a much more dramatically conceived work, "Crossing the Sands at Holy Island" (141), where horses and driver are pushing onwards, fully aware of the dangers closing in upon them from the rising tide and the rolling fog. Mr. William Collingwood's study of clouds "Over Grindelwald" (17) is conceived and executed in the very best spirit, and, although doubtless a thoroughly imaginative work, has a tone of reality as well as of poetry. Mr. Albert Goodwin is scarcely up to his usual level, although in one work, "Venice" (238), he suggests a fresh idea of the lights and shadows which play round the corners of its mysterious canals; but he cannot compete with Mr. Holman Hunt for originality of impression, for few people, we venture to think, ever carried away such a vivid idea of the sunset over Florence (106) or of the cypresses which guard the royal gardens at Athens (186) as are presented to us here.

are still to be seen the three crosses on Calvary. Mr. Henshall has not overstrained his powers or exaggerated the tragedy he depicts, and the face of the Magdalen conveys a sense of loss and of doubt mingled with love and hope. Mr. Herkomer's portrait of Mr. Briton Rivière is almost equal to a miniature in its finish and firmness; and his larger picture of "Hagar" (70), of modern times, is scarcely more than a country woman in a lane, whose face tells no story. It is, moreover, somewhat overshadowed by the gorgeous colouring of Mr. Henry Wallis's "Street in Suez" (67), which recalls some of that artist's most effective work. For careful working out of arabesque designs, it is unsurpassed in the room, but it wants some of the grander qualities of Mr. Arthur Melville's "Court of Lions," where there is a suggestion, at least, of the surroundings, without any undue emphasis of mere detail. Mr. Lionel Smythe's "Fisher-Girls of Boulogne" (109) are full of life and movement; while for careful draughtsmanship and colour Miss Constance Phillott's "Charity" (152) is a most successful composition; while Mr. Walter Crane's decorative frieze, "The Masque of the Senses" (130), just fails to be so on account of its careless drawing. Mr. T. J. Shields' "Gipsy Zillah" (183) is scarcely worthy of her race, with her grey eyes and smooth complexion. Mr. E. K. Johnson's "Nightingale" (18) sings to the roses later in the year than we are accustomed to hear her in this country. This, however, does not detract from the cleverness and delicacy with which the lady listener's figure is drawn, as will be seen from the accompanying illustration.



"HOORN."—BY H. M. MARSHALL.

Among the other landscape pieces, for which the Old Society is generally famed, may be mentioned Mr. E. A. Waterlow's "Children of the Spring" (64)

and his street study at Crail, Fife (103), Mr. George Fripp's "Glen Sligachan" (74), Mrs. Allingham's "Source of the Wey" (80), Mr. Matthew Hale's splendid panorama of Florence and the valley of the Arno (102), Mr. J. W. North's "Beyond the Blue Hills" (125), Mr. Eyre Walker's "Acorn-Gathering," (174)—a fine study of wood. Mr. Herbert Marshall, as usual, stands in the first rank of street-painters; and he is gifted with a sort of second-sight which enables him to see colour and beauty in the streets of London which their frequenters too often omit to notice. "The Temple Embankment" (120), as seen by him in twilight, almost recalls the antique beauties of Rothenburg on the Taube; while his breezy treatment of "Stepney" (244) would seem to make it even a more attractive resort than the old buried city of "Hoorn" (221), which looks over the rolling Zuyder Zee.

Among the figure subjects, Mr. Henshall's "Mary Magdalene" (165) is in all ways the most ambitious, and by no means the least successful. She has just returned home from the last scene of the terrible day, and has thrown herself on her knees, but with eyes unable to weep or lips to pray, for through the open window far away



"CHARITY."—BY CONSTANCE PHILLOTT.



"THE NIGHTINGALE."—BY E. K. JOHNSON.



LATE ARRIVALS.

ENGLISH HOMES.

No. XXXII.

Hughenden Manor.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE is a county full of history and full of beauty, within half an hour of Baker Street by the train, and, save for its southern boundary, the winding Thames, nobody knows anything about it. But half-a-dozen miles inland you come upon the end of the Chiltern Hills, a sort of irregular parallelogram, perhaps seven or eight miles long by five or six broad, at whose corners are Hughenden and Little Missenden, the Risboroughs and

kings of Mercia, and to be himself an ancestor of the present Lord Clinton. Mr. R. S. Downs tells us, in his very full "History of Hughenden" (published in the Records of the Architectural and Archaeological Society for Buckinghamshire), that this Geoffrey de Clinton, who built Kenilworth Castle, gave the manor of Hughenden as part of the endowment of a priory for Black Canons which he had founded near it. There is some evidence, however, that the gift was made by Nicholas de Hughenden, who lived in the days of the second Henry; but in any case the Black Canons got possession of the manor and held it until 1539, when Henry VIII. disestablished them and their like. Twenty-one priors of Kenilworth were in this fashion masters of Hughenden; the last was Simon Jekys—after whom came Henry VIII., and granted the ancient manor to as ancient a family: the Dormers (once D'Ordmer), descended from a Norman who came back from Normandy with Edward the Confessor, and whose son came with the Conqueror—and came to stay. There were three Geoffrey Dormers in succession, notable Buckinghamshire people, whose home was in West Wycombe, and who in time came to own a good part of the county—which was just as well for them, as the first of the trio had a family of twenty-six, mostly boys.

Five generations of Dormers ruled at Hughenden, steadily going up in power and dignity. Robert Dormer, to whom, in 1540, Henry VIII. granted the manor (for the consideration of £387), was thrice Sheriff of Bucks and Beds, and was knighted; his son William was made a Knight of the Bath at the crowning of Mary; a second Robert was successively made a knight, a baronet, and a peer—Baron Dormer of Wenge (now Wing), in this county; and a third became Viscount Ascot (of Wing) and first Earl of Carnarvon. The Earl was killed at Newbury, fighting for King Charles; and it was on the death of his successor that the fourth Earl of Chesterfield married the eldest daughter of the house and received, in dowry with her, Hughenden.

This Lord Chesterfield—he was the famous one who wrote to his son letters constantly quoted, and even sometimes read—claimed kinship to the former lords of the manor, as his name (Philip Dormer Stanhope) may testify; but the estate only remained in the family some thirty years more. The fourth Earl's grandson, Sir William Stanhope, sold it in 1738 to Charles Savage, to whom succeeded in turn a brother, a nephew, and a niece—Ellen, Countess of Conynghame. Of this lady, a nephew once more inherited; and after his death the manor was bought, in 1847, by Benjamin Disraeli, to whom it was later to give a title, for the Earl of Beaconsfield was also Viscount Hughenden. Lord Beaconsfield left the estate to the present owner, Mr. Coningsby Disraeli, who has this year attained the age of twenty-five, at which he was to come into

the virtual founder of our House of Commons, with that of his successor in our own time; and there is good evidence that when Simon de Montfort had fallen at Evesham with his eldest son, Henry, a younger son, named Richard, after some years of crusading and exile in France, retired to Hughenden. Here he settled down in seclusion, taking the name of Wellesbourne, probably from his wife, who seems to have brought him property in this parish; and the Wellesbournes lived in Hughenden until the reign of Henry VII. They were people of some importance: it is certain that two of them were members for High Wycombe in the reigns of Henry VI. and Edward IV., and one mayor of the same borough under Henry VII.

And there are trustworthy grounds for believing that Hughenden Manor House of to-day is built on the same site as its predecessor of centuries gone by. The present building is in some parts, at all events, of respectable age. It is a Jacobean house, probably built by the Dormer family, and greatly rebuilt and enlarged by John Norris in the latter half of the eighteenth century. Standing on the crest of a wooded hill, it overlooks the long town of High Wycombe, stretched in its little valley a mile or more away. From the northward end of Wycombe the manor-house is, indeed, the object in the landscape which first catches the eye, its warm white gleaming among the trees—purple-brown along the ridge, on a day of early spring, with the grey sky showing through them here and there. Beneath the house are lawns on the hillside, divided from us by a line of trees on the lower ground; and a little valley in front and to the left of the manor-house divides it and its park from a low field-covered hill.

The park is small and very simple, but as pretty as eye could see; all hill and valley, hardly a rood of level ground except in the little lawn of the south front. A low paling marks its beginning as you walk from Wycombe; and in a hundred yards or so you reach the New Lodge, to which Lord Beaconsfield used to come almost daily, to meet the post and read his letters. The lodge gates came from the French Exhibition; they are of iron, light and graceful, the letter D and a castle on one, and B with a coronet on the other.

Within, old pollards edge a little stream, which runs its course through grassland that stands out green and soft against the brown fields on the western slope. Trees, waiting their summer beauty of colour, wear a curious reddish, greyish, greenish brown. The chestnut flanks of the cows, moving steadily as they graze, give a point of brighter colour; but the sunless grey of a showery March sky brings no glimmer to the ripples of the little stream, dark as burnished iron as it hurries under its narrow bridges and by the side of lawns, and beneath the shade of lofty sycamores and stunted willows.

Springs from the hill above supply this tiny river, which passes the church and then winds through the park and by the Temple Farm to its junction with the Wye—the little Buckinghamshire Wye. Though now anonymous, the streamlet is set down in Leland's "Itinerary": "Another Use or Ise as of one principal arme," we read, "risith abowt Westewikam owt of one of the Chilterne Hills, and so comith to Wikam, the Market Towne. The lesse arme is cawlid Higdenbrooke, and risith also in one of the Chilterne Hills, a mile above Wikam."

By the fence of the inner park is a second lodge, all covered with ivy and other creepers, and a path leads across a steep hillside of greensward level with the tops of the tall sycamores growing by the waterside below. But the house, high as it stands, is well sheltered by its woods. There are many of these, as Hughenden Wood, one of the largest in the county, the Tinker's Woods, and, close to the house, the "German Forest," so nicknamed by Lord Beaconsfield, who was fond of



Photo by Elliott and Fry.

MR. CONINGSBY DISRAELI, M.P.

Wendover. The great chalk hills stand out against the level land of the Vale of Aylesbury to the north, and plains almost as unbroken to east and south. A valley runs from north to south in their midst, and from this narrower valleys branch here and there to right and left.

This land of green hilltops and hanging beech-woods is filled with visible landmarks of history and sacred with memories of great men. Hughenden is at the south-western corner of the Chiltern Hills, and half-a-dozen miles to north and to south-east of Hughenden are Great Hampden and Beaconsfield. There is no name in the history of our Parliament more honoured than that of John Hampden, whose family for generations owned the house which bears their name; nor could the title of Lord Beaconsfield, offered to Edmund Burke, have added to his renown. Long known through all this country side as "the Squire," and as a practical farmer, skilled in the mysteries of deep-ploughing and pig-fattening, Burke was indeed no "fancy" agriculturist, but a keen man of business, with sufficient intelligence to see that no progress can be made, even in the sale of carrots, without experiment.

Hughenden, like Great Hampden and Beaconsfield, owes all its fame to a statesman, and it is easy to see what drew Benjamin Disraeli to the home which he made his own in 1847. The names of Burke and Hampden hallowed for him this corner of the Chilterns, whose beauty was his constant pleasure—"At last I shall see the primroses blow at Hughenden" was his comment on the elections of 1880, disastrous to his party. The house, set on the top of a little hill, is quiet as those British barrows near at hand; yet it overlooks the bright Wycombe valley, cheery with the crowding roofs of the town. High Wycombe is little over a mile away, and its busy market was Lord Beaconsfield's favourite place of meeting with the chatty farmers; the high-road runs alongside the little park, and gigs and carters pass often enough to prevent its quietude from turning to dullness; the village church is within the park limits, and all the solemnities of the parish are thus within a walk of five minutes from the manor-house; while London, the centre of society, is only thirty miles away. The old house itself is beautiful with the beauty of a past—especially dear to Lord Beaconsfield—a past not too remote, the time when the two great parties of our politics were first formed; and that this house is too small for grand entertainments may well have ranked among its merits with the busy statesman, who had the gift—not always granted to those who work hard while they work—of resting while he rested. It may well be thought that its owner stored with memories of the statesmen who were his rivals and his comrades, and of the Queen he served, and the wife he loved so well, this house already in some sort a storehouse of history.

For the manor of Hughenden—or Hitchenden, Hochenden, Hychendene, Hutchingdon or Huchenden—has a story traceable to the Conquest, at least. It stands in the Hundred of Desborough—one of those very Hundreds whose stewardship was, perhaps, the only Parliamentary office which the young ambition of Disraeli never coveted—and it was held with High Wycombe and Little Marlow, and many another estate in other counties, by Edith, daughter of Godwin, Earl of Kent, wife of Edward the Confessor, and sister of King Harold. William the Conqueror granted Hughenden to Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, under whom William Fitz-Oger held it when Domesday survey was taken—for Odo had twenty-five other lordships in Buckinghamshire, besides four hundred and thirteen in other counties, and could hardly be expected to look after them all himself. Domesday shows that Hughenden was taxed for ten hides—1200 acres—and that there were on the manor three cottagers, fifteen villeins, and five bondsmen or slaves. At this time there were also some two hundred acres of pasture-land, probably the nucleus of the present park; and the great woods of those days here gave "pannage" for six hundred hogs.

When Odo was disgraced, the manor became vested in the Crown; but Henry I. granted it to his Chamberlain—Geoffrey de Clinton, said to have derived his birth from the



THE LIBRARY, HUGHENDEN.

Photo by Starling, High Wycombe.

the property. His "home-coming," indeed, was only celebrated on the Wednesday of Easter week, during the brief holiday of the House of Commons, where the present Mr. Disraeli is as constantly in his place as was his uncle fifty years ago.

Such, in brief, is the pedigree of this ancient manor, but a bare pedigree makes no mention of the most famous name connected with Hughenden by ancient history—and by legend, perhaps, almost as ancient. In the little church are five effigies of the De Montfort family, of which the first represents Richard, fourth son of the great Simon. It is interesting to be able to connect the name of the first famous Leader of the Opposition,

these little bywords for places he cared for. Thus another part of the park was called Italy; and the little brook he christened "that ancient river, the river Kishon."

The "Golden Gates"—by whom so named we know not—lead into a beautiful shrubbery, where are many kinds of pine, and other evergreens. It is said that some of the cedars of Lebanon at Hughenden sprang from cuttings brought by Lord Beaconsfield from Palestine; and other trees in these grounds are famous because of their planters. Two fir-trees on the south lawn commemorate the visit of the Queen and Princess Beatrice in 1877, and a Wellingtonia on the north dates from the Prince of Wales's visit three years later.

ENGLISH HOMES.—No. XXXII. HUGHENDEN MANOR.



CORNER VIEW.



I. IN THE PARK.

II. A CORNER OF THE HOUSE.

III. IN THE PRIVATE GARDENS.

IV. ENTRANCE GATE AND HUGHENDEN COTTAGE.

V. IN THE GROUNDS.

VI. HUGHENDEN CHURCH.



Photo by Starling, High Wycombe.

LORD BEACONSFIELD'S STUDY AT HUGHENDEN.

It was among the woods of Hughenden that Lord Beaconsfield took as much exercise as his doctors could force upon him, which was very little—he was an extremely slow walker. It is on record that he was greatly pleased when, during his visit to Constantinople in 1830, one Mehmet Pasha told him that “he could not be an Englishman, but rather one of an Eastern race, because he walked so slowly.” He defended his sedentary life, with characteristic ingenuity, on the ground that experience showed that his ancestors lived long whether they took exercise or not. “My grandfather lived to ninety years,” he said; “he took much open-air exercise. My father lived to eighty, yet he never took any.” But in his youth Lord Beaconsfield, like other Englishmen, was fond of riding.

To return to the shrubbery. Dark with its evergreens, it is not without a certain solemnity, and the cawing of solemn rooks accompanies us as we wind along the uphill path to the grass-plot in front of the house, wherestands a dignified conclave of lofty cedars. There is no lack of beauty in this approach; yet one has for a moment the feeling that it may lead to a house dull and stately like many historic mansions of England.

It is a needless fear. Hughenden manor-house was lucky enough just to escape that fatal classic period in which English architecture was lost for a couple of centuries or thereabouts. It is a comfortable Jacobean house, originally of red brick with stone dressings, then whitened over by barbarians, not unlike Malone, who plastered Shakspeare; and now emerged from this sham stone age into a pleasant pink, blushing red as with sunset at the top. Of moderate size, the house has beyond question a certain stateliness; it agrees well with its surroundings, has an English beauty in the English landscape; but its first, best quality is undoubtedly cosiness and comfort. It is neither bare nor over-decorated; there are pilasters along the crenelated roof, a large wing stands out to the right, the white-sashed windows have drip-stones, and ivy has nearly covered the ground storey—these are all its adornments, except a charming little corridor of conservatory. Here arums and other stately plants are seen through glass behind four low arches.

These fill the midst of the ground-floor, and with their glass and greenery give much of its pleasant homeliness to this north front of the house. The south front—or back—is much grander, and overlooks the lawn and park and valley; but of this when we come to it.

The little hall can be entered from the north, through the conservatory, and probably, for the most part, is so entered; it is a tiny arched apartment, divided into three or four, as we choose to reckon the conservatory as distinct from it or not. There is a groined ceiling, there are arches, and on each wall are pictures, interesting from their connection with the hero of the house. Giovanni Battista Falcieri swaggers with a

with some deliberation of oratory—from these red-and-green hearthrugs or lolling (perhaps in the dressing-gowns of their day) on the yellow sofas.

In the bright, lofty drawing-room this feeling grows upon one, for the walls are hung mostly with pictures of beautiful women of half a century ago, their hair parted smoothly on the forehead and hanging in a loop over the ears, or perhaps in little corkscrew curls. It says much for the charm of these women that you recognise and admit it at once, in spite of the costumes of the day before yesterday—always most hideous of all costumes in the eyes of to-day.

And you notice—with pleasure if you are at all what a hero-worshipper should be—that of all these portraits the most beautiful is certainly that of Viscountess Beaconsfield herself, here hung in the place of honour over the chimney-piece. If the artist painted truly—and other portraits in this house, by other hands, confirm his verdict—his sitter must in her time almost have rivalled that “handsome Miss Glynn” who, half a century ago, married a promising politician named Gladstone. With perfect, regular features, dark eyes, and dark hair, Lady Beaconsfield more than holds her own in a room which contains the charming face of the Countess of Derby, the Countess of Bradford—piquante and fair, with the curls and King Charles's spaniel of her day—the pretty Countess of Chesterfield, and the famous Lady Blessington, who, indeed, bright and bonny though she be, strikes one as less “the beauty” than any of the four others.

Oddly, too, among the portraits of famous men in this room, the one whom modern irreverence would most certainly call a “guy” is Count D'Orsay—a dark, heavy, middle-aged man, as unlike as he can well be to Mrs. Carlyle's picture of the brilliant dandy. Of other interesting faces the room—and, in fact, the whole house—is full; if the paintings at Hughenden do not rank very high as pictures, their interest as a group of portraits—for the most part of statesmen of this century—is unrivalled. In this drawing-room are a fine face of the young Disraeli—by no means unlike the young Napoleon, as the well-known portrait shows him; a Lord Lytton, ever the very type of his period; a Byron; a Lord Salisbury, a good deal thinner and more eager than the statesman of to-day; and a Napoleon III.—astonishingly unlike his tremendous uncle.

This last picture, like another in the room, is a present to Lord Beaconsfield from the Queen. Throughout the house, indeed, one comes constantly upon tokens of the two devotions of Lord Beaconsfield's later life: his tender love and reverence for his wife—how rewarded and returned we all know—and the unflinching and mutual regard of his Sovereign and himself. The other present from her Majesty is the large and very characteristic portrait of herself, painted in 1875 by Koberwein, after Angeli.

The room at Hughenden to which one turns with the greatest interest is naturally the Library, in which Lord Beaconsfield spent most of his time, after he had got through his correspondence in the private study upstairs; and it is, moreover, the pleasantest room in the house—the largest, the sunniest, with the most varied view of lawn and woods and valley. A double archway divides it, cutting off a kind of smaller ante-library from the rest.

This is not exclusively a student's room; besides the

East of the entrance-hall is the dining-room—lofty, rather small, with walls of a dark red, and no pictures—in which is a curious arch, a copy of the unique one at Magdalen Hall, Oxford, a mixture of the pointed and horizontal styles. The room would not otherwise detain one but for a characteristic which, as one soon finds, it shares with the whole house. By a very happy thought, everything—furniture, wall-papers, and decorations generally—has been kept just as it was in Lord Beaconsfield's time, with the double result that we see exactly what were the surroundings amid which the Prime Minister of the later Seventies worked, and exactly how a country house was furnished in early Victorian days; for the late Earl was never one to roam after new lights in housedecoration or the kindred arts. The fashion of a generation ago naturally seems to us of to-day more remote than any fashions of earlier ages. These rooms are the scenery in which, about 1837, people might live and talk. One pictures quite easily the young Disraeli, Count D'Orsay, Bulwer Lytton, with their long hair and high roll-collars, stepping down from their frames and speaking—

books—of which there is not a very large collection—there are pictures, engravings, caricatures even, and comfortable sofas, and decorative tables of some pretension. Here again one notices with interest the bright colouring of a generation ago, before æstheticism had chastened the Victorian eye. A library, with its brown-backed books and their shelves, is generally a place sober and quiet in hue; but here all is varied and all bright. Against dark-blue walls the bookcases gleam a rich buff; the curtains are yellow, the carpet red with green spots, the sofas of a yellow green, and the velvet table-cloth claret-colour fringed with gold. Lord Beaconsfield's favourite chair is another memento of his lost wife; she worked it herself in tapestry, once gay with brownish leaves on a pale ground—round a coronet and the letter “B”—but now a little faded by the sunlight of years.

The collection of books seems to consist, as one would have guessed, mainly of histories: works which the makers of history cannot but consult. For the rest, it contains principally those “standard works, without which no gentleman's library is complete,” for Lord Beaconsfield carried on the tradition of our earlier statesmen and made the classics, if not his chief, his favourite reading. Dr. Kidd, who attended the Earl during his last years, speaks of his enthusiasm over a rare old copy of Virgil which was one of his treasures, and gives an interesting rule of his daily life at Hughenden. “Dining here often alone,” said Lord Beaconsfield to the Doctor, “I have an understanding with my cook that there is to be ten minutes' interval between one course and the next. That ten minutes I invariably devote to reading one of the great authors of antiquity, and I can say that for many years I have listened to many of the greatest wits and orators of the age, but I have derived more pleasure and enjoyment from Homer, Virgil, and Horace than from all the living celebrities I have met in life.”

There has quite lately been a great “find” at Hughenden of Disraeli treasures, stowed away in cupboards and odd corners. The most valuable is Lord Beaconsfield's “Hansard,” the last volume before his death having notes in his own hand up till March 1881. Forty years older are certain mementoes of his election for Shrewsbury—huge blue banners with the words “For Queen and Country,” and a jug of blue Shropshire ware, whose legend, “All Friends round the Wrekin,” commemorates the fact that the twelve members for Shropshire were all Conservative. Other interesting relics are Mr.



Photo by Starling, High Wycombe.

THE DRAWING-ROOM AT HUGHENDEN.

Disraeli's robes as Chancellor of the Exchequer, and countless caskets containing freedom of cities, addresses, and the like.

Here, as elsewhere at Hughenden, are many portraits; but in this room they are for the greater part portraits in undress—sketches, engravings, caricatures, not the stately oil-colours of the other rooms. On one wall, particularly, is a rather curious group of little old pictures—Hobbes of Malmesbury, characteristically in a bad temper; Isaac Disraeli, the father of the Prime Minister, with an eccentric, good-natured, funny face; and others. There are sketches of Byron, too, and of Bentinck—the latter somehow recalling that famous description of the “man of stable mind”—a fine engraving of Pope, and a drawing of Pitt, interesting as an utter contrast to the most picturesque of his successors.

Throughout the house, indeed, it is the portraits—chiefly of Lord Beaconsfield's rivals, his associates, and his family—which everywhere take one's first interest; and, passing from one room to another, upstairs and down, one finds that they have grouped themselves with a certain uniformity. Going up the narrow staircase to the second floor, the faces look down on you which you recognise at once as those of their host's most intimate friends and colleagues—Lord Rowton, Sir Stafford Northcote (for the old title always clings to him), and the late Earl of Derby, handsome and over-eager as ever. In Lady Beaconsfield's boudoir and bed-room—a bright little bow-windowed place, of light blue not unrelieved by red, where the Prince of Wales slept during his visit in 1880—one wall is covered by a collection of black-and-white pictures of the Queen, the Prince Consort, and others of the royal family. These are, for the most part, presents, with autograph signatures.

Of Lord Beaconsfield's private study, almost the only adornments are some sketches of Isaac Disraeli—very plump and cheery in his old age—and a picture of his wife. This last reminds one so much of Isaac's own face in the library, quaint and good-natured, that one is apt to infer that the artist, Downman, who painted both, was one of those who make all their sitters alike.

The private study is a very little, modest, sparsely furnished room—chairs and Lord Beaconsfield's writing-table make up almost all its belongings; but it was a tradition of the house that the study was sacred. No business, however important, was to disturb its master as he spent the morning hours here, busy with his correspondence.

Up another flight of steps one finds again the association of



Photo by Starling, High Wycombe.

LORD BEACONSFIELD'S TOMB, HUGHENDEN CHURCH.

superb moustache near the north door; he was gondolier to both Lord Byron and Benjamin Disraeli, as each in his turn visited Venice. An early bust of Disraeli is in the centre of the hall, with an early portrait of the present Lord Derby above; the late Earl, Disraeli's colleague of thirty years ago, is in the next little section of the hall. There, too, are Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford (a comfortable modern gentleman, with a red beard), and the Duke of Rutland when he was Lord John Manners—handsome, distinguished, well representing that “old nobility” he immortalised in one verse. In the front hall is an interesting picture of Viscount Mahon in his study, painted in 1854 by E. M. Ward.

statesmen and stairs—fortunately not backstairs, which have perhaps lost something of their former influence in the political world—and then one comes to the State Bed-room, as it was made ready for the visit of the Queen in 1877, though, as it happened, she did not sleep here. And in this room, it is very pleasant to notice, are hung nearly all the portraits of the Disraeli family, except for certain engravings downstairs, notably those which led one to infer that Downman, their artist, was a man of one idea.

But it has to be confessed that the portraits in the State Bed-room quite confirm the views of Downman, and it is clear that Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Disraeli either were originally much alike or had grown to resemble each other, as husband and wife often do. Others of the Disraeli family belong to the same type—easygoing, plump, *retroussé*: one gets it exactly in the full-length of Mr. James Disraeli—very comfortable and British, and curiously unlike his distinguished brother—and, with a good deal of variation, in the dark, foreign face of Miss Sarah Disraeli as a child.

An entirely unlike type, approaching much more nearly to that of the famous Benjamin Disraeli, is that to which his namesake and grandfather belonged. It is very interesting to compare the three faces of grandfather, father, and son.

At the top of the house is a pretty chamber, all in white, known as the Bride's, which was decorated for Prince and Princess Christian on their honeymoon; and next to this is a room known as the Prime Minister's—a smoking-room to all appearance, pleasant and cosy and hung with black-and-white portraits of statesmen: with them, one sees it all over the house, was Disraeli's heart.

But the owner of the house did not give himself up wholly and solely to politics, or he could not have asked the well-known question, "How is it possible to be dull at Hughenden?"—with its charming answer, "I have all I love, trees and books. I have trees in the summer, and books all the year round." There are many trees here, and many evidences of Lord Beaconsfield's love of them. His description of Hurstley in "Endymion" no doubt had its original in Hughenden: "It stood," he says, "in what had once been a beech forest, and, though the timber had been cleared, the green land was dotted with groups and sometimes with single trees, giving a rich wildness to the scene and sustaining the forest character; but the living-rooms of the house were moderate—even small—in dimensions, and not numerous."

The manor-house is, indeed, set in trees. Behind are the cedars of Lebanon and other evergreens, pyramidal on their

The obelisk, raised in 1862, is a tall shaft of dull grey stone, bearing on one side a medallion of Isaac Disraeli, with an inscription beneath, and on another—the side most nearly facing the house—the simple inscription: "Mary Ann Disraeli, Viscountess Beaconsfield, Obiit Dec. 15, 1872. O Dulcis Conjux!" The other sides of the monument are bare as yet, but the present master of Hughenden intends to place an inscription on one of them to his predecessor.

Standing on the hilltop, in the midst of a bare ploughed field, the monument overlooks the valley, and the woods beyond which hide the manor-house, and hillsides mapped out in broad fields, and farm-buildings by the roadside low down, with their roofs yellow and grey, and further hills lying dark in the distance.

A short walk across the park, and to the left beside the little river, brings one to the homely red-roofed church—restored very completely in 1874, but still worthy, in its simplicity and beauty, of the county of Stoke Pogis. It is to be noted that the lord of the manor who built this church built it within his own demesne; this accounts for its position within the borders of the park. Here are, in the north aisle—known as the "Montfort Chapel"—the five interesting and famous effigies of the Wellesbourne-Montfort family of Hughenden: Richard,



HUGHENDEN MANOR: BACK VIEW AND PRIVATE GARDENS.

The first is keen, aquiline, but not uncommon—the successful man of business; the second, exactly the ideal man of letters—of a century ago, when he was more ideal; the third marked, individual—the genius with something of the mystic and something of the man of society. Of him there are several portraits in the house—one in this State Bed-room was painted by the Queen's command in 1877; another, painted by Barker in 1862, is at the period—perhaps the least interesting outwardly—when the picturesqueness of age had not come, though the glamour of youth had long passed away. There is a curious drawing—much younger, of course—by Maclise, and a sketch by Cosway, fanciful, after the fancy of its day, of the infant Benjamin nursed by a condescending angel.

Little more needs to be said of the rooms of the manor-house, all entirely unpretending, small, and—as has been said—characteristic of a period which now seems curiously remote. In the modest little bed-room on the first floor, in which Lord Beaconsfield slept after the death of the Viscountess, the door is so low that his tall figure must almost have stooped as he entered it. Here is almost the only "subject picture" in the house—a group of Neapolitan flower-girls, by Unwins. In another room are views of Potsdam, a present from the Princess Royal, then Crown Princess of Germany; and a curious relic of the Duke of Wellington, a cheque for £36 8s., dated Aug. 9, 1828, and made out to a Mr. Vulliamy. This is framed, with a little portrait of the Duke above it in the same frame.

grass-plot; eastward a range of high trees stands up from the hillside, sloping sharply down, and divided from the house only by a narrow path, at whose end is a screen of yew, pierced with a little archway barely six feet high; and the horseshoe of lawn before the southern front is bordered to the right with elms and other stately trees, to the left with a straighter line of pines and tall evergreens.

The south front of the house is relieved and made beautiful by a light trellis-work, which in summertime half hides the ground storey, with its verandah of creeping greenery. A row of great stone vases runs along the little terrace before the house, where the favourite peacocks would often sun themselves under their master's eye; beyond the plateau of lawn an opening between the trees gives an outlook upon the Wycombe valley, with its distant hillside and houses.

Along a woodpath beside the lawn you may pass to one of the things notably to be seen at Hughenden—the obelisk erected to the memory of her husband's father by the Viscountess Beaconsfield, and after her death consecrated by her husband to the memory also of that faithful wife. It stands out sharply on a bare hilltop, perhaps a quarter of an hour's walk from the house, between the two Tinker's Woods—Great and Little—which were one before Lady Beaconsfield divided them to make a standing-place for this monument. Some say that gipsy tinkers were wont of old to use this wood as their camping-place; others, with a proper feeling for the horrible, tell how a tinker's murdered body was found herein.

in full armour, and cross-legged as a Crusader, and four of his successors.

And here are, naturally, many memorials of the statesman who chose to be buried in this quiet country church rather than amid the dignity and splendour of the great Abbey. The splendid eastern window, glowing with rich and delicate colour, the west window and the south, and the wall-paintings in the sanctuary, all are dedicated to the memory of Lord Beaconsfield, and all thronged with figures chosen from the history of the wonderful people to whom he was proud to belong. The banner and insignia of the Garter, from the late Earl's stall in St. George's Chapel at Windsor, now hang—by the Queen's command—near his customary seat in the chancel here; and close by is the marble monument erected by her Majesty to his memory, with the simple and touching inscription—

To
THE DEAR AND HONOURED MEMORY
OF
BENJAMIN, EARL OF BEACONSFIELD.
THIS MEMORIAL IS PLACED BY
HIS GRATEFUL SOVEREIGN AND FRIEND,
VICTORIA, R.I.

"KINGS LOVE HIM THAT SPEAKETH RIGHT."—Proverbs, xvi. 13.
FEBRUARY 27, 1882.

E. R.

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

EDITED BY HIS GRANDSON, ERNEST HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

—:—

BRISTOL—CLEVEDON—STOWEY: 1795—1798.

During the spring and summer of 1795 Coleridge and Southey settled in Bristol, and endeavoured to make a living by public lectures and by the pen. They shared the same lodgings, first at No. 48 and afterwards at 25, College Street.

On Oct. 4, 1795, Coleridge was married, at St. Mary Redcliff, to Sarah Fricker. The young poet and his wife passed their honeymoon at Clevedon, on the Bristol Channel. He has described this "Place of Retirement" in some well-known lines

Low was our pretty Cot: our tallest rose
Peep'd at the Chamber-window. We could hear
At silent noon, and eve, and early morn
The sea's faint murmur. In the open air
Our myrtles blossom'd; and across the porch
Thick jasmines twined.

In the spring of 1796 Coleridge published his first volume of poems, and in the following summer he began a correspondence with the Republican lecturer John Thelwall. The letters are of especial interest, for the correspondents were unknown to each other, and Coleridge writes with the avowed object of unfolding his character and opinions. Thelwall, it would appear, was a professed atheist, and Coleridge, at this time a Unitarian, was eager to give battle as the champion of revealed religion.

LETTER XI.

Wednesday, June 20, 1796.

DEAR THELWALL,—That I have not written you has been an act of self-denial, not indolence. I heard that you were electioneering, and would not be the occasion that any of your thoughts should diverge from that focus.

I wish very much to see you. Have you given up the idea of spending a few weeks or month at Bristol? You might be making way in your Review of Burke's life and writings, and give us once or twice a week a lecture which I doubt not would be crowded. We have a large and every way excellent Library, to which I could make you a temporary subscriber; that is, I would get a Subscription Ticket transferred to you.

You are certainly well calculated for the Review you meditate. Your answer to Burke is, I will not say the best, for that would be no praise—it is certainly the only good one; and it is a very good one. In style and in *reflectiveness* it is, I think, your *chef-d'œuvre*. Yet "The Peripatetic," for which accept my thanks, pleased me more because it let me into your heart; the poetry is frequently *sweet*, and possesses the *fire* of feeling, but not enough (I think) of the *light* of Fancy. I am sorry that you should entertain so degrading an opinion of me as to imagine that I *industriously* collected anecdotes unfavourable to the characters of great men. No! Thelwall; but I cannot shut my ears, and I have never given a moment's belief to any one of those stories unless when they were related to me at different times by professed Democrats. My vice is of the opposite class, a precipitance in praise—witness my panegyric on Gerald, and that *black* gentleman Margarot, in the "Conciones,"* and my foolish verses to Godwin in the *Morning Chronicle*.† At the same time, Thelwall! do not suppose that I admit your palliations. Doubtless I could fill a book with slanderous stories of professed Christians! But those very men would allow they were acting contrary to Christianity; but, I am afraid, an atheistic bad man manufactures his system of principles with an eye to his peculiar propensities, and makes his actions the criterion of what is virtuous, not virtue the criterion of his actions. Where the *disposition* is not amiable an acute understanding I deem no blessing. To the last sentence in your letter I subscribe fully and with all my inmost affection. "He who thinks and feels will be virtuous, and he who is absorbed in self will be vicious, whatever may be his speculative opinions." Believe me, Thelwall! it is not his atheism that has prejudiced me against Godwin, but Godwin who has, perhaps, *prejudiced* me against atheism. Let me see you. I already know a Deist and Calvinists and Moravians whom I love and reverence, and I shall leap forward to realise my principles by feeling love and honour for an atheist. By-the-by, are you an atheist? For I was told that Hutton‡ was an atheist, and procured his three massy quartos on the "Principles of Knowledge" in the hopes of discovering some arguments in favour of Atheism, but lo! I discovered him to be a profoundly pious Deist, "independent of fortune, satisfied with himself, pleased with his species, confident in his Creator."

God bless you, my dear Thelwall!—Believe me, with high esteem and *anticipatèd* tenderness, yours sincerely,

S. T. COLERIDGE.

P.S.—We have a hundred lovely scenes about Bristol which would make you exclaim, "O admirable Nature!" and me, "O Gracious God!"

At the close of 1796 Coleridge left Bristol and took a cottage at Nether Stowey, a small market town at the foot

of the Quantock Hills. The cottage was a poor one, but there was a garden and an orchard at the back, and within a stone's-throw there was another garden, which belonged to Coleridge's friend, Tom Poole. In the following summer Wordsworth and his sister Dorothy took up their abode at Alfoxden, some three miles distant from Stowey. The year July 1797—July 1798 has been called the *annus mirabilis* of Coleridge's life as a poet. "The Ancient Mariner," the



THE COTTAGE AT NETHER STOWEY.

first part of "Christabel," "Kubla Khan," and almost all his greater poems fall within that period. A note sent by hand to Tom Poole is one of the few contemporary records of that "dawn-golden" time.

LETTER XII.

MY DEAR POOLE,—We have taken a fore quarter of lamb from your mother, which you will be so good, according to your word, or (as the wit said to the Minister of State) *notwithstanding your promise*, to send over to The Foxes to-morrow morning by a boy.

I pray you, come over if possible by eleven o'clock, that we may have Wordsworth's Tragedy read under the Trees.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

Mr. T. Poole, fr. Col., July, '97.

One of Coleridge's numerous guests, a Mr. Richard Reynell, gives a vivid and pleasing picture of the Stowey cottage and of its inmates. It would appear from a letter which Coleridge wrote to Dr. Estlin when he was staying with the Wordsworths at Racedown (June 1797) that a



THE COTTAGE AT CLEVEDON.

Mr. Reynell had proposed to board with him. We may conclude that this project ended in a short visit, and that the writer of the following letter was the Mr. Reynell in question—

Stowey, August 1797.

... On my arrival at Stowey and at Mr. Coleridge's house I found he was from home, having set out for Bristol to see Mrs. Barbauld a few days before. I think he had never seen her, and that he now had *walked* all the way to gratify his curiosity. He returned on Saturday evening after a walk of 40 miles in one day, apparently not much fatigued. The evening on which I arrived was employed for the most part in walking with a young man named Burnett, who arrived just before I did on a visit to Coleridge. He is agreeable and well informed, and of a very benevolent turn of mind. After the journey which I made hither (38 miles) you will think I did very well to walk six miles further for the purpose of visiting Alfoxden,

a country seat occupied by a Mr. Wordsworth, of living men one of the greatest—at least, Coleridge, who has seen most of the great men of this country, says he is; and I, who have seen Wordsworth again since, am inclined very highly to estimate him. He has certainly physiognomical traits of genius. He has a high manly forehead, a full and comprehensive eye, a strong nose to support the superstructure and altogether a very pleasing and striking countenance.

About ten o'clock I returned to Stowey thoroughly tired, went to supper and then to bed. The night was tempestuous, and I was disturbed by a terrific storm of thunder and lightning. I arose in the morning tolerably recruited, however, and found Mrs. Coleridge as I have continued to find her, sensible, affable, and good-natured, thrifty and industrious, and always neat and prettily dressed. I here see domestic life in all its beauty and simplicity, affection founded on a more stronger basis than wealth—on esteem. Love seems more pure than it in general is to be found, because of the preference that has been given, in the choice of a life-friend, to mental and moral rather than personal and material charms, not that you are to infer that Coleridge and his wife have no *personal* recommendation. Mrs. Coleridge is indeed a pretty woman. And now I will give you a short account of the house. It is very small and very simple. Three rooms below and three above—all small. The window to my room has no opening, but a pane of glass is made to slide in and out by a piece of wire. But, simple as the structure is, it shelters us well, and I have delightful society, and am therefore quite content. Here you can be happy without superfluities.

Coleridge has a fine little boy, about nine or ten months old, whom he has named David Hartley, for Hartley and Bishop Berkeley are his idols, and he thinks them two of the greatest men that ever lived. This child is a noble, healthy-looking fellow, has strong eyebrows, and beautiful eyes. It is a treat, a luxury, to see Coleridge hanging over his infant and talking to it and fancying what he will be in future days.

Coleridge is writing a Tragedy at the request of Sheridan, portions of which he has read to me.

Your affectionate brother,

RICHARD REYNELL.

(To be continued.)

The City of London Corporation, at a meeting of the Common Council on April 13, accepted with thanks the offered gift by Sir John Gilbert, R.A., of a share, with Liverpool, Manchester, and Birmingham, of his works, oil and water-colour, which the artist has retained for some years past. Mr. A. W. Wood, chairman of the Library Committee, has selected fourteen pictures to be placed in the City Art Gallery. They include "Fair St. George," Henry VIII. and Cardinal Wolsey," "The Eve of Agincourt," "Sir Lancelot," and "Don Quixote's Niece and Housekeeper"; also some good water-colour drawings, "The Battle of the Standard," "The Charcoal-burners," "Cardinal Wolsey on his Way to Westminster," and others.

The Cambridge University Extension Syndicate assembled at Cambridge, on April 20, a conference of representatives of County Councils, of other Universities, and of other persons interested in technical education, to discuss the relations of the Universities to the County Councils in respect to that work. The University last year provided courses of lectures on various scientific subjects coming within the scope of the Technical Instruction Acts for eleven County Councils, as well as for other local authorities. Part of the programme of the summer meeting, to be held in Cambridge in August, will be five courses of practical work in science in the University laboratories and museums—the subjects being: chemistry, electricity, botany, physiology, and geology. There will be two courses in agricultural chemistry, from Aug. 25 to Sept. 12, inclusive.

The Imperial Federation League, introduced by the Right Hon. E. Stanhope, M.P., on April 13 had an interview with the Prime Minister to report the deliberations of its committee upon the best practical measures for combining the action of the Colonial Governments with that of the Imperial Government in naval and military defences. Lord Brassey, Sir John Colomb, and other leaders of the deputation explained their views. Mr. Gladstone made a speech in reply, expressing his general sympathy with the wish for an effective "consolidation of the Empire" and "unity of defence," but rather declining to undertake at present for the Imperial Government the responsibility of the initiative on the formation of an "Imperial Council of Defence," until colonial public opinion, especially in Australasia, should be prepared to agree to a definite partition and assignment of the pecuniary burdens and costs, and until the intercolonial relations should be permanently settled.

Photography is so fashionable a pursuit that exhibitions of results of the art are becoming more and more frequent. In 1892 a series of prizes, amounting to one hundred guineas, was offered by Messrs. Perken, Son, and Rayment, 99, Hatton Garden—an address which the amateur often pens—for the best prints taken by an "Optimus lens." Several hundreds of specimens of work were submitted, many of them most beautiful in definition and selection of subject. The exhibition of them has been attended by a large number of votaries of this pleasing art. This year Messrs. Perken, Son, and Rayment are again intending to offer one hundred guineas in prizes for photography by the aid of the "Optimus lens," which is always winning the appreciation of the operator.

* "Conciones ad Populum," p. 22. Bristol, 1795.

† *Morning Chronicle*, Jan. 10, 1795.

‡ Hutton's "Investigation of the Principles of Knowledge" was published at Edinburgh, 1794; three vols., 4to. The copy in question, for the most part *uncut*, is now in Lord Coleridge's library at Ottery. At p. 171 of Vol. II. I found a letter from Wordsworth to Coleridge, dated Nov. 7, 1806. It had remained undisturbed for more than eighty years.



THE QUEEN IN FLORENCE: PROCESSION OF THE "GESÙ MORTO" AT SAN FELICE.

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

The experiments of Professor Loeffler on the poisoning of the field-mice of Thessaly by means of germ-infected bread do not appear to have recommended themselves to the Commission appointed to consider the best means of dealing with this plague in Scotland. There is one point involved in the discussion of the plague of field-mice to which, I think, attention might be directed—presuming this point has not already received the attention of the scientists engaged in the investigation of the matter. This is the question of the periodic increase of the voles. What one might like to know is, whether there is any evidence that, periodically, some amazing increase of the race takes place? It would seem as though this idea is founded on something more than mere speculation. For years nobody hears much or anything about the mice. Then comes a whole deluge of complaints about their ravages, due, of course, primarily, to the speedy increase of the race in a given locality.

There is a creature called the lemming, closely related to the voles, whereof mention has been made in this column. Now and then—perhaps I should say periodically—the lemmings leave their mountain homes in Northern Europe in huge numbers, and travel straight to the sea, some going to the North Sea and the eastward migrants to the Gulf of Bothnia. Arrived at the sea, the migration appears to end aimlessly—that is, to our eyes to-day. There seems no adequate reason for this clearing out of these rodents from their homes in the mountains. But with the eye of scientific faith, we are able to see a possible explanation of the march, in the existence of land where now rolls the sea. It is the old inherited instinct that led the lemmings of bygone ages to seek this land which operates on their descendants of to-day, and causes them to search for a haven which no longer exists. It is a thousand pities that the voles in the south of Scotland are not animated and inspired by some kindred instinct. Their arrival at, say, the Solway Firth or the North Sea would be hailed with delight by the farmers, who, as things are, see their pasture-grounds made bare and barren by the attack of these persistent enemies.

One of the most interesting points connected with plant-physiology is the assimilation and mode of production of the starches and sugars and other products which plants, as living manufacturers, make out of the raw materials supplied in their food. The ordinary green plant, out of water, minerals, carbonic acid gas, and a dash of ammonia, makes all the resplendent beauty of the flower, the foliage it possesses, and all else that pertains to the plant-belongings. Thus, if we take the case of a potato-plant, we find that out of the matters absorbed by the root, and out of the carbonic-acid gas absorbed by the leaves, the leaf-cells manufacture starch. This starch, however, is not destined to remain in the leaf. Contrariwise, it has to be stored up in the tubers, there to form a reserve store—a kind of deposit receipt at the bank of nutrition—whereon the plant can draw for the future necessities and exigencies of its life.

How is the starch of the leaf conveyed to the tubers? The reply is that it is converted into a more soluble substance—namely, sugar, which easily passes down through the plant tissues, and thus arrives at the tubers in the ground. There another chemical action occurs: the sugar is reconverted into starch, and is stored up as such, in the potatoes, awaiting the plant's demands, and incidentally, of course, providing man with an agreeable food-product. I observe that of late days attention has been directed anew to this action by Herr Brasse, who tells us that the effect of sunlight on the food is seen in the formation of starch, which, by-the-way, can only be manufactured or built up under two conditions—the presence of light and the development of green colour or chlorophyll. Around and in the chlorophyll-grains in the leaf-cells, the starch is deposited. Then comes its conversion into sugar—an action, by-the-way, familiarly illustrated in our own mouths, where the saliva changes the starches we eat into grape sugar, and an experiment which our liver is also capable of performing. Herr Brasse maintains that in the tubers especially, there goes on an action which is comparable to the effect of a cold surface in vaporising a volatile liquid enclosed within a cavity. The sugars endeavour to enter the cells of the tubers, in which the temperature is lower than that at which the sugar is formed, and it is therefore, according to Herr Brasse's view, largely a matter of temperature, or, rather, of inequality of temperature, which is the guiding principle in this action.

The foregoing topic of the nutrition of plants reminds me of certain new views regarding our own food and feeding which have been promulgated. By means of careful experimentation on the living body, it has been shown that by giving large quantities of carbo-hydrates (starches and sugars) in cases in which there is present nitrogenous waste, such waste can be checked, and this even when a large quantity of nitrogenous food is given to make up for the loss. It was also shown that fats have not the power possessed by the starches and sugars. This is an important hint for the physician, of course. Then came a confirmation of the fact that starches and sugars are changed into fat, when a person is living on what is to be regarded as the fair and proper amount of both classes of foods—nitrogenous and non-nitrogenous. Along with the increase of fat, under these circumstances, there also occurs a slight increase of the nitrogenous constituents of the body.

Another interesting point was that in which it was shown that if a fat person had his food cut down to an amount adapted for the nutrition of a child of from seven to ten years, there will occur a reduction in his fat, if his food be made to contain an increase of nitrogenous matters, these last being familiarly represented by white of egg, juice of meat, the casein of milk, and like substances. While the fat is reduced, there also occurs a storage of nitrogenous constituents. These views accord with what we know already of food-assimilation and the treatment of obesity. For those who complain of their "too, too solid flesh," there is, therefore, plenty of hope, from the scientific side, of a feasible return to the normal bulk.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

Dr F St (Camberwell).—Where do you put the B King in No. 2555 to allow 2. Kt takes B, mate? In your problem, 1. Kt to R 6th yields another solution. The dual you defend shall be further considered.

W Percy Hind.—Kindly send another diagram of your last contribution for early publication. The original has been so injured we are not sure we can set the position up correctly.

W R B (Plymouth).—The reply in No. 2551 to 1. K to B 4th is Q to Kt 4th (ch), 2. K takes Q, 3. B mates. We always give credit if some of the main lines of the solution are given, although this is a case where our policy is open to criticism.

C E P (Kensington).—Problem No. 2555 has proved a pitfall for many of our solvers; we are afraid you must still be numbered among its victims.

E B Schwann.—We have not come to your problem yet, there are so many to look at.

Rev. W P Williams.—Thanks; they shall be examined.

R W Seaton.—You must send a new diagram.

V (Turkey).—1. Q to K 7th (ch), followed by 2. Kt to K 6th, is another solution of your problem.

W Biddle.—Your problem is accepted.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS NOS. 2548 TO 2550 received from O H B (Barkly East); of No. 2552 from F A Holloway (Grand Rapids, Mich); of 2553 from W H Thompson (Tenerife), F A Holloway, and Freeman C Griswold (Boston); of 2554 from J Marshall and W H Thompson; of No. 2555 from H S Brandreth, T Roberts, Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth) and Julia Short (Exeter); of No. 2556 from E W Brook, V (Turkey), A W Hamilton-Gell (Exeter), Captain J A Challice, E S R (Tipperary), and Victoriano Aoi y del Frago.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2557 received from J Hodgson (Maidstone), M A Eyre (Folkestone), J C Ireland, H S Brandreth, Martin F, W P Hind, W R B (Plymouth), R Worters (Canterbury), Dawn, T G (Ware), Fr Fernando (Glasgow), R W Giles (York), Hereward, J Dixon, H B Hurford, Nigel, Shadforth, Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), R H Brooks, Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), Bluet, Reynolds (York), T Roberts, Julia Short, E W Brook, C M A B, A W Hamilton-Gell, A E McC (Kingston), Victoriano Aoi y del Frago, F J Knight, W R Raillem, Odham Club, A Newman, A S Horrex (Petersborough), W Guy, jun. (Johnstone, N.B.), C E Perugini, Dr F St, E Loudon, Sorrento (Dawlish), H D Clark Pepler (York), J F Moon, W A Barnard, E E H, G T Hughes (Athy), W Wright, Joseph Willcock (Chester), J Henry Fryer, Charles Burnett, J C Dell (York), G H Capper, L Desanges, and M Burke.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2556.—By X. HAWKINS.

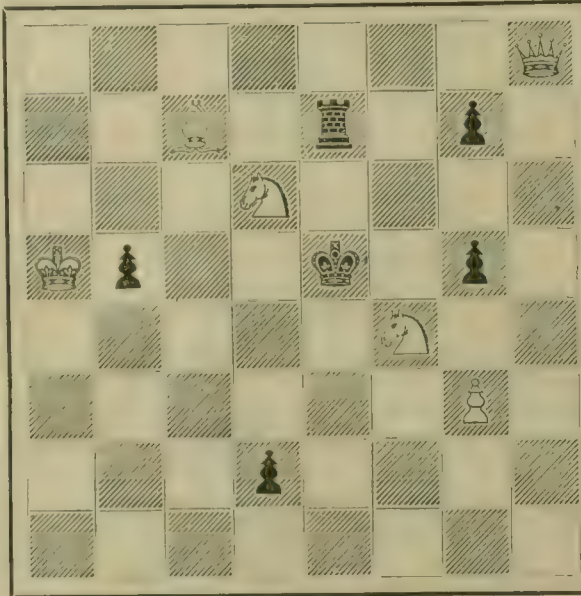
WHITE. BLACK.
1. B to Kt sq. K to Q 4th
2. Q to K 8th. Q takes Q
3. Kt takes P. Mate.

If Black play 1. K takes P, 2. Q to B 8th (ch); and if 1. K to B 6th, then 2. Kt to Q 4th (ch), mating in each case next move.

PROBLEM No. 2559.

By Dr. F. STEINGASS.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played at the Divan between Mr. Bird and the Rev. H. Chapman consulting against Messrs. Rollock and Van Vliet.

(Eans Gambit.)

WHITE (B. & C.). BLACK (R. & V.).
1. P to K 4th. P to K 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd. Kt to Q B 3rd
3. B to B 4th. B to B 4th
4. P to Q Kt 4th. B takes P
5. P to B 3rd. B to R 4th
6. P to Q 4th. P takes P
7. Q to Kt 3rd. P takes P
8. B takes P (ch). K to B sq
9. Castles. Q to B 3rd
10. B takes Kt. R takes B
11. Kt to Kt 5th. Q to Kt 3rd
12. P to B 4th. B to Kt 3rd (ch)
13. K to R sq. Kt to Q 5th
14. Q to K 5th.
Threatening P to B 5th, which is crushing, as Black could not defend the fatal

WHITE (B. & C.). BLACK (R. & V.).
check by Kt to R 7th without losing his Queen.
14. R to R sq
15. P to B 5th. Q to K sq
16. P to B 6th. P to Kt 3rd
17. P to K 5th.
White could surely have won at once here by B to R 3rd (ch), P to Q 3rd; R takes P (ch), P takes B; 19. Q takes P (ch), K to Kt sq; 20. P to B 7th (ch), and wins.
17. Kt to K 3rd
18. P to B 7th. Q to K 2nd
19. Kt takes Kt (ch). Q takes Kt
20. B to R 6th (ch). K to K 2nd
21. P to B 8th (a Q). R takes Q (ch)
22. B takes R (ch), and wins.
The game is sparkling and instructive, but from an early stage it is evident that Black's game is hopeless.

The annual report of the City of London Chess Club, just issued, brings to a close another year of prosperity and success for this great London organisation. We are glad to notice that the new committee does not mean to rest on the laurels already won, but is intent on displaying the same spirit and energy as that which animates the young and vigorous rivals that are elsewhere springing up. Long may the famous old City keep its place of pride.

The annual dinner of the City Club has been fixed for Monday, May 8, and its annual match with the St. George's Club for Wednesday, May 28.

The return match between Kent and Sussex was played on April 13 at Ashford, when the home county made great efforts to reverse the result of the first match. In this, however, they were disappointed, Sussex again winning with the substantial majority of four games, the score being, Sussex, 9; Kent, 5.

In the gambit tournament just decided at the Metropolitan Chess Club, Mr. Jacobs, slightly favoured by good fortune, won the final struggle with Mr. Ward, and secures the leadership of the first-class section.

The handicap at the St. George's Chess Club, which has been carried on under the condition of all playing level, but each receiving or owing points according to respective skill, has just terminated. Mr. Jones Bateman and Mr. Jackson tied with a score of 24, and Mr. Gunsberg came in third with 24. He, however, did not lose a single game, two draws and one point owed being his deficiency from a highest possible.

The British Chess Club have agreed, as far as they are concerned, to a triangular match between the St. George's, the British, and the City.

A communication from Dr. Lasker, of Eberfeld, Prussia, proposing to play a match by correspondence with some strong player, has been posted on the notice-board of the City Club.

The Athenaeum and the Ludgate Circus Clubs have arranged to play matches with the City Club on a date to be fixed later on.

The match between the Sussex County Association and the City Club has, at the request of the former, been postponed till June 10.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

Uncommonly smart, even for a "smart" wedding, was the ceremony that united Lord Arthur Grosvenor, eldest surviving son of the Duke of Westminster (but not his heir, as the deceased eldest son, Earl Grosvenor, left a little son who is now heir to the dukedom), to Miss Sheffield, sister of Sir B. Sheffield, and daughter of a lady who, as is customary in English society, still bears her dead husband's name instead of that of her present husband in order that she may thus remain "Lady" instead of descending into "Mrs." Lady Sheffield's husband, Colonel St. Quentin, gave the bride away. Lady Sheffield presented her daughter with the exquisite lace with which the bridal gown was trimmed, and she herself wore, as trimming on a moss-green velvet dress, another priceless piece of the same delightful fabric, a Point d'Alençon flounce that was once the property of a Dauphiness of France, and has the fleur-de-lis and distinguishing arms worked into its pattern. The bride's dress was cream satin, the deep lace forming a flounce to the knee, where it was fixed with detached bows of ribbon and sprays of orange-blossom, and headed by a rouleau of satin. A second and narrower flounce of lace was put round midway between the waist and the knee; and more of the same lovely fabric trimmed the bodice in a zouave shape, while the enormously wide satin sleeves were slashed to allow of more lace being drawn through. The travelling gown was of that most fashionable material, crépon, in a dark yet bright shade of blue; the skirt was trimmed with five graduated bands of velvet of the same colour, and the bodice was elaborately adorned with jet and with pink silk at the top.

In the church, as well as in the trousseau, the extent to which strong, decided colours have ousted the tender and æsthetic shades that have so long prevailed was the most interesting feature. Velvet and crépon were the materials of which the majority of the dresses were in the main constructed, but all were lit up by revers, or wide vests from neck to bust, or deep frills over the shoulders, or other conspicuous ornamentation of some very bright-coloured silk, or satin, or mousselin-de-soie laid lightly over a strong tint. Violet, a very uncompromising violet too, was the leading hue as one looked round; but sky-blue, grass-green, and plaid in which all the colours of the rainbow mingled were frequently seen. On the other hand, black satin and black moiré were used to trim and tone down the brightest gowns. Among the trousseau gowns are two of the Westminster racing colours—yellow and black—an impossible gaiety even last season, but all right this year. Another of the bride's dresses is in shot red and green tweed, with a loose-fronted coat of the same to be worn over a blouse of shot red and green silk. Another is a combination of violet and grey, made in the same style. So bright are even "tailor" dresses now becoming.

Among the wedding presents were several opals, which it may be inferred are favourite stones with the bride. Her brother gave her a very beautiful one set as a brooch and pendant, and the Countess of Lonsdale gave two more—one in a bangle and the other in a bar brooch. Lady Arthur Grosvenor is obviously above the silly and groundless superstition that this most beautiful stone is "unlucky." The Queen is above it also, for she has all her life been an opal collector, so it is not surprising to hear that the key which is to be presented to her Majesty as the means of opening the new Imperial Institute is to be adorned with a large and fine opal in the centre of the handle, the stone being the gift of the Colony of Queensland, from which many of the best opals come. It was held by the ancient Romans that all precious stones had some distinctive virtue to confer on their possessors, but the opal, as it held the tones of all gems captured in its deep heart, was also believed to have the powers of all the rest in its single gift, and, so far from being unlucky, was held to be the most fortunate of all for its owner. Lady Arthur Grosvenor's friends will hope that she may have a lot happy enough to aid in demolishing our contrary prevalent superstition. But the fact is that Fashion rules in jewellery as in all else, and the manager of the Goldsmiths' and Silver-smiths' Company in Regent Street recently assured me, from the experience of that great business, that the fashion for opals is rapidly growing.

A curious fancy of the moment in this direction is the revival of the heart shape in jewellery. It is in lockets in particular that this design is being made, and, what is another thing altogether, being worn. The locket, so long utterly out of fashion, is being once more fashionably donned. It is, of course, part of the revival of ancient fashion generally, and it gives an old-world look at once to see a little gold locket on a tiny gold chain dangling on the bosom. I learn, indeed, that in Paris ladies are even beginning to wear these same ornaments drooping on the forehead when in evening dress! This style of trimming the brow was common in the Empire days. The engraved portrait of Madame De Staël on my study wall shows that clever lady in a low gown and a ferocious turban of some striped material, relieved by a little dangling forehead pendant in front. Such an ornament has prevailed from time to time, at any rate since Elizabethan days—that great statesman, but most feminine Sovereign, having generally worn what was then known as a "bob jewel." Hers was usually an immense pearl of great price, and of a pear shape. As we are apparently set on reviving old fashions of every description, we may be coming to this; and I think it would be very becoming to many of us. After all, it is the jewellers who profit by these whims, and they are, no doubt, at the bottom of many vagaries of fashion. To attribute "luck" or the reverse to a particular design or stone is one of the most convenient ways of pushing sales of novelties. A few seasons ago it was the hzard that was said to be a "lucky" shape; then the pig, and next the spider. Now the Parisian merchants are affixing the same promise to all articles made in the shape of the swan, for no reason that can be imagined but that it lends itself to a lame pun—*cygne de bonheur*. Some of the most unexpected people are found giving in to such whims. One of our Princes, and the very sternest of our judges, each has riveted on his wrist a "lucky bangle" or porte-bonheur.

LUCERNE.

THE QUEEN OF SWISS RESORTS.

LUCERNE (137 mètres above sea) has long been recognised as the most beautiful of all the resorts of Switzerland as well as the most central for the purposes of touring, being situated at the foot of the picturesque Lake of the Four Cantons and the terminus of several railway systems, including the Gotthard Line, that over the Brünig Pass, the lines to Bâle, to Berne, and to Zürich, so that an almost endless number of Excursions may be made. Visitors taking up residence at LUCERNE may arrange some charming tour daily for several weeks—as the Lake of Brunnén and Flüelen, that romantic portion famous for the associations with William Tell; to Seelisberg and the Rutli; to Weggis and Vitznau for ascents of the Rigi; to Alpach for Mount Pilatus; to Küssnacht for Tell's Chapel, or to Kehrsiten for the electric railway



up the Bürgenstock; or Stanstad for the electric railway on the famous Stanserhorn. Then short railway trips may be made over the Brünig to Meiringen, to the curious monastery of Einsiedeln, along the Lake Valley to Lenzburg, and the Gotthard Line to Göschenen. LUCERNE is in itself the loveliest spot in Switzerland, and possesses many curiosities and antiquities. In recent years the town has been greatly improved; it possesses some of the finest hotels in Europe, as well as numerous pensions, villas, and apartments, which may be had at reasonable rates. LUCERNE is only twenty-four hours from London, and twelve from Paris, and a week's visit may be paid to this charming spot by English visitors at a cost of £10 sterling, railway fare and all expenses included. The illustration shows Lucerne with the new Sea Bridge and the old quaint Chapel Bridge and Water-Tower, with Mount Pilatus in the background. For the further assistance of tourists an OFFICIAL ENQUIRY OFFICE has just been opened by the town. Any further particulars may be obtained there, and a complimentary guide to Central Switzerland, richly illustrated, and with maps, is forwarded, free of charge, on written application, to all parts of the world.

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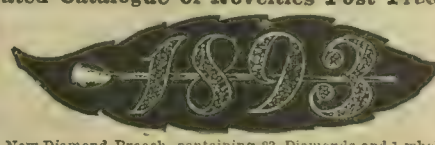
New Spray Brooch or Hair-pin, containing 28 Diamonds and 1 Pearl, £5 5s.



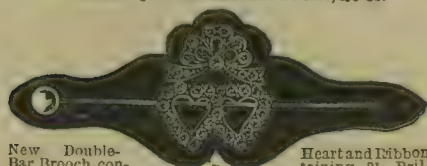
Best Gold Brooch, set with choice Pearls, £1 15s. All Gold, £1 5s.



New Diamond Brooch, containing 3 whole Pearls, 2 Brilliants, 4 Rose Diamonds, and 2 Rubies or Sapphires, £4 4s. Bracelet to match, with Rubies or Sapphires instead of Pearls, £8 15s.



New Diamond Brooch, containing 23 Diamonds and 1 whole Pearl, £4 4s. Bracelet to match, £5 5s. Brooch and Bangle for 1892 can still be had.

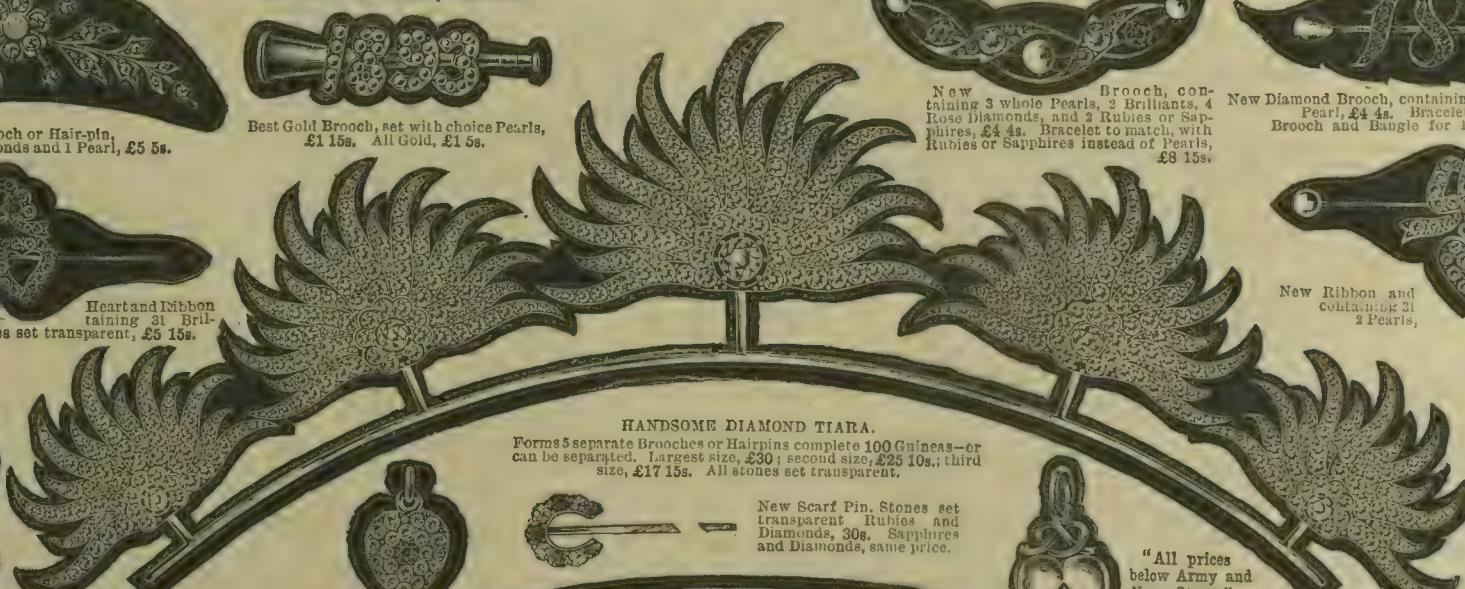


New Double-Bar Brooch, containing 1 Pearl. Stones set transparent, £5 15s.

Heart and Ribbon taining 31 Brilliants, £5 15s.

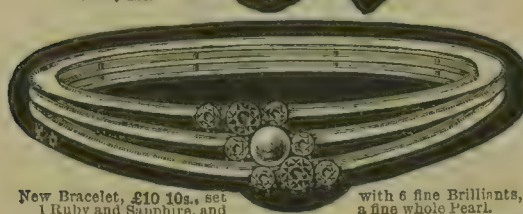


Best Gold Brooch, set with 2 Brilliants, 50s, or with 2 Pearls, 42s.



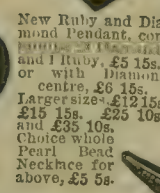
HANDSOME DIAMOND TIARA. Forms 5 separate Brooches or Hairpins complete 100 Guineas—or can be separated. Largest size, £30; second size, £25 10s.; third size, £17 15s. All stones set transparent.

New Scarf Pin. Stones set transparent Rubies and Diamonds, 30s. Sapphires and Diamonds, same price.



New Bracelet, £10 10s., set 1 Ruby and Sapphire, and

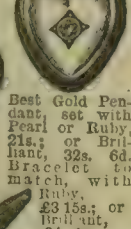
with 6 fine Brilliants, a fine whole Pearl.



New Ruby and Diamond Pendant, containing 2 Rubies and 1 Ruby, £5 15s.; or with Diamond centre, £6 15s. Larger size, £12 15s. £15 15s. £25 10s. and £35 10s. Choice whole Pearl. Band Necklaces for above, £5 5s.



New Moon Brooch, containing 25 choice White Brilliants, £21. Smaller size, £15 10s. Same brooch, in Rose Diamonds, £10 10s. and £7 7s.



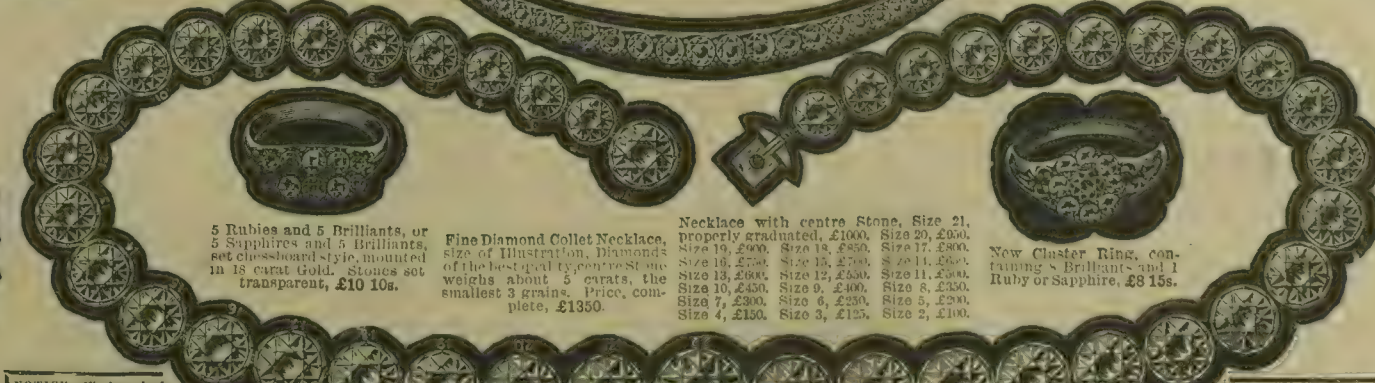
Best Gold Pendant, set with Pearl or Ruby, 21s.; or Brilliant, 32s. 6d. Bracelet to match, with Ruby, £3 15s.; or brilliant, £4 4s.



New Best Gold Bracelet, containing 13 Brilliants and 3 Rubies or Sapphires, £8 17s. 6d.



Handsome Diamond Pendant, containing 50 Brilliants, no Roses, forms also Brooch or Hairpin. Stones set transparent, £17 15s.



5 Rubies and 5 Brilliants, or 5 Sapphires and 5 Brilliants, set classical-style, mounted in 18 carat Gold. Stones set transparent, £10 10s.

Fine Diamond Collet Necklace, size of Illustration. Diamonds of the best quality, set in 18 carat Gold. Stones set transparent, £1350.

Necklace with centre Stone, Size 21, properly graduated, £1000. Size 20, £800. Size 19, £600. Size 18, £450. Size 17, £300. Size 16, £250. Size 15, £200. Size 14, £150. Size 13, £100. Size 12, £75. Size 11, £50. Size 10, £35. Size 9, £25. Size 8, £15. Size 7, £10. Size 6, £7. Size 5, £5. Size 4, £3. Size 3, £2. Size 2, £1.

New Cluster Ring, containing 8 Brilliants and 1 Ruby or Sapphire, £8 15s.

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ART NOTES.

The loan exhibition of Meissonier's works to which Messrs. Tooth have given hospitality in the Haymarket is, in a great measure, a repetition of the display recently made in Paris for similar charitable objects. The collection is largely made up of the drawings and studies which the artist subsequently adopted for his finished pictures; and nothing can be more useful for those who wish to see how success is attained and, with all due submission to the New English Art, attainable. Meissonier's work was incessant. From the time when he first began to execute woodcuts for Currier's popular publications until the day of his death he never ceased the pursuit of his art. The walls of these rooms bear testimony to his persistent effort after perfection. Dozens of sketches were made and rejected before he was satisfied, or were, as he thought, ready for introduction into his finished pictures. Those we know best by reproduction give but a slight idea of the range of Meissonier's aims and ambition. He tried his hand on many styles, which, finding them unsuitable to his talent, he abandoned. Among such are the sketches for the "Concert" (39), a group of full-length figures of ladies in a drawing-room—a subject to which he returned on several occasions—studies of Venice canals and buildings, and even landscapes. But it is as a painter of soldiers of all times since Henri IV., of postillions in their picturesque costumes, and of noblemen in the days of their finery that he delighted.

For his larger pictures—if we except "La Rixe," lent by her Majesty, and, perhaps, the most complete of all Meissonier's works—the Napoleon cycle, with its brilliant surroundings, was that which most inspired and stimulated his most successful work. The story of the Empire in its glory is seen in this exhibition in the two works known as "1806" and "1807," when it was at the height of its meteoric splendour. Its eclipse, as shown in "1814," is unfortunately absent; but there are numerous studies which give a clue to the pains which Meissonier devoted to this most impressive and most pathetic of all his productions. Altogether upwards of a thousand drawings and pictures are here brought together, and the opportunity of studying the works of this truly "grand Français" should not be missed by any who care for art in any country.

At the French Gallery (Pall Mall) Mr. Wallis returns once more to the works of foreign artists, among whom the Spaniard, Señor Pradilla, occupies the most prominent position, being represented by more than a score of pictures in various styles. Frankly speaking, the artist's career is more interesting and more original than his work. He began life as a house painter in Seville, studied at Madrid, and afterwards at Paris. For the last fourteen years distinctions have been showered upon him, and in return he has given proof of great industry and some sense of colour. Very seldom, however, does he show himself able to express any deep feeling or emotion, the single work, "The Stations of the

Cross" (38), with its subdued colouring and reverent groups of pilgrims, being almost the only instance of sentiment. As for the two large gallery pictures dealing with the Fall of Granada, except for the drawing of the horses, they have little to command attention; and one cannot help feeling that such subjects as the bright group of workers in "A Summer's Morning" (48) are better suited to Señor Pradilla's powers. Among the other pictures in the room are a "Brittany Homestead," by Bastien-Lepage; "Le Parc Monceaux," by J. Béraud, and "A First Communion," by Lhermitte—all of which are excellent in their several ways. Professor K. Heffner is either following our own Mr. Leader or being followed by him, as they seem to produce almost identical studies of the Thames and its backwaters. M. Castres' "Convoy of Wounded," traversing a snow-covered plain, shows much careful work, marred by ignorance of the delicate tones of such a landscape; while M. Corcos' "Summer-time," the study of a girl's head and bust, is a clever academic work, in which a still more difficult problem of light and value has been approached and not solved.

The "one man" exhibition has of late years thrown the "one picture" exhibition very much into the background, for the public, who were formerly ready to pay to see a single specimen of an artist's powers, now desire to judge of his industry as well as of his talent. Just now, however, in very opposite quarters of the town are two "devotional" works which appeal for public recognition. Sir Noel Paton, the Queen's Limner in Scotland, has a good deal faded out of the knowledge of Londoners—albeit he once occupied a foremost place among those who followed the pre-Raphaelite movement. In his earlier works he showed strong imaginative power, and not a little force in expression. Lately he has turned both qualities to devotional subjects. "De Profundis," now on view at Messrs. Graves's, Pall Mall, is the latest example of his art. Christ is represented as a shepherd on the ledge of rock which surmounts an abyss, from the depths of which a female figure with bruised butterfly wings has climbed. Her strength is rapidly failing her, but the Saviour stretches out His hands, and in a moment she will be safe on the highest point, behind which the sunny landscape and distant blue mountains stretch out as a home for the weary wanderer. It may seem churlish to add that the picture would be more interesting without the explanation of the painter's intention.

The other devotional picture, "The Children of Zion," painted by Mrs. Melville (International Gallery, 245, Tottenham Court Road), is a work as full of figures as Sir Noel Paton's is bare. Christ in the golden haze of the Everlasting Hills is gathering His lambs into His fold—the children of all nations and of all types. In a composition of this nature, made up chiefly of young children, of whom form rather than feature constitutes the beauty, there cannot fail to be attractive groups and individual figures; but the work is conceived upon a scale which would have taxed powers far beyond those possessed by Mrs. Melville.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

A very early palimpsest copy of the old Syriac Gospels has been discovered in the Convent of St. Catherine, on Mount Sinai, by Mrs. Lewis, of Cambridge. Mrs. Lewis, who is herself an accomplished Orientalist, has had the help of Mr. Rendel Harris, the Reader in Palaeography at the University of Cambridge, in deciphering it, and the results are very interesting. The manuscript wants the last twelve verses of the Gospel of St. Mark, and thus confirms Dr. Hort, as against Dean Burgon. It also reads "goodwill to men," instead of "men of goodwill," in the angelic hymn—in this case going against modern criticism. Mrs. Lewis is the widow of the late learned Rev. S. S. Lewis, of Cambridge. She, along with her sister, has made a very handsome offer to the English Presbyterians of money and a site, in case they transfer their college from London to Cambridge. Mrs. Lewis and Mr. Harris have just arrived at Cambridge, and will, no doubt, soon give an account of their researches.

Professor Henry Drummond delivered the first of the Lowell Lectures, on the Evolution of Man, at Boston, U.S.A., on April 4, and was to continue the course, giving two lectures weekly for five weeks. Very great interest has been shown in these lectures. I understand Professor Drummond will pronounce strongly for the evolution theory, and argue that, when properly understood, it strengthens instead of weakens the faith in Christianity.

Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson, on the occasion of his visit to Sydney, has been entertained by the Presbyterians of that city, in recognition of his eminence as a man of letters and as a Presbyterian by birth and conviction. Mr. Stevenson's maternal grandfather was minister of Colinton, near Edinburgh, and is charmingly portrayed in one of the delightful "Memories and Portraits."

Professor W. M. Ramsay's work on "Christianity in the Roman Empire" has been presented to the Pope. His Holiness has been deeply interested in Professor Ramsay's investigations in Asia Minor.

The new edition of Smith's "Dictionary of the Bible" is at last announced by Mr. Murray. I am not sure that I correctly understand the advertisement, but it seems to mean that only the first volume will be revised. The revision in this case is, apparently, most thorough and adequate, but it will be a grave misfortune if the second and third volumes are not done on a corresponding scale. Over 30,000 sets of this dictionary have been sold—an impressive tribute to its great value and to the interest taken in Biblical studies.

The agitation against the Welsh Suspensory Bill is still carried on with great vigour. The number of petitions received is astonishing, and it is said that they are largely signed by Nonconformists. Some Churchmen have indicated their dissent. They regard Disestablishment in Wales as inevitable, and advise that it be quietly accepted. Among these are Prebendary Eyton and Canon Bulstrode. But the Church seems to be practically unanimous, so far at least as the clergy are concerned, both against the Suspensory Bill and Irish Home Rule.

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MUSIC.

The second performance of "La Juive" was a great improvement in many respects upon the first. The orchestra pulled together much more smoothly, and the conductor gave evidence of having the score in his head where he had previously appeared only to have his head in the score. On the stage, again, there were signs that the hand of the manager had been at work, improving the processions in the first and last acts, and infusing life and intelligence into the action of the chorus, which has a really important part to play in more than one scene. The principals naturally throw greater confidence into their tasks, and the result was of especial advantage in the case of Mlle. Gherlsen, who, if not an approach to an ideal Rachel, brings so much sympathetic earnestness and animation to bear upon her portrayal of the hapless heroine that we can readily forgive her her lack of tragic power at the two great dramatic moments of the opera—the discovery of her lover's religion and the denunciation of him before the illustrious guests assembled at the Emperor's banquet. Anyhow, we would rather have a Rachel youthful, good-looking, and capable of singing and acting her part with tolerable ability, than a Rachel of high pretensions whose long experience no longer fitted her to enact a girl of tender years, such as the supposed Jewess ought undoubtedly to be. Signor Giannini again achieved an emphatic success as Eleazar, and this time, in response to the continued applause, the curtain was raised at the end of the fourth act for him to repeat a portion of his air. In appearance this hard-working tenor makes a perfect representative of the good old Hebrew goldsmith (which is more than can be said of his impersonation of certain younger characters), and his byplay is particularly excellent. We have already recorded the favourable reception of the revival, and now we venture to predict that Halévy's masterpiece will take a prominent place among the popular operas of the repertory. Sir Augustus Harris proposes to mount it at Covent Garden during the coming season, and should he vouchsafe it one of his combination casts we cannot doubt that the subscribers will fully endorse the verdict of the humbler but not less genuine opera-lovers who are now supporting his enterprise at Drury Lane.

"Lohengrin" was performed at Covent Garden in the autumn, and ought not, one would think, to have needed a vast amount of rehearsal to work up the necessary polish for the present season; yet more preparation would unquestionably have exercised a beneficial influence upon the rendering of Wagner's early *chef-d'œuvre*, witnessed on Friday, April 14, for the reason that the "Lohengrin" and "Elsa" and the orchestra and conductor now came together for the first time. In Signor Morello the qualities that make up a satisfactory Lohengrin are not by any means centred in a remarkable degree, charm, refinement, and distinction, for example, being conspicuous by their absence, while vigour and energy are at times over-liberally employed in the production of a resonant,

penetrating voice. However, Signor Morello was palpably too nervous to do himself justice in any sense—even to the extent of furnishing a tolerably dignified or definable reading of the character. To Miss Esther Palliser, on the other hand, the rôle of Elsa was stated to be entirely new, and, that being so, the comparative crudeness of her embodiment was not only explicable but excusable. She sang and acted like an artist who had carefully studied her part from the score, but not had time to digest its material or realise its possibilities. Happily Miss Palliser did not commit the mistake of exaggerating the emotional side of the character, her model, if she had one, being in this respect a good one. She makes an Elsa pleasing to look upon, the music suits her well, and in time we doubt not that her conception of the rôle will acquire the requisite roundness and finish to render it an interesting assumption. Meanwhile this performance of "Lohengrin," which was repeated on the succeeding Tuesday, may be credited with three ripe and wholly acceptable delineations—the Ortrud of Mlle. Guercia, the Telramund of M. Dufrieux, and the King of M. Castelmarty. The chorus, too, was fairly up to the mark, and Mr. Carl Armbruster naturally proved more at home in conducting a Wagnerian opera than the less familiar examples of the French school which have lately been entrusted to his care. Certain points in the rendering of the orchestration were worthy of unqualified praise.

It is a matter for regret that Madame Minnie Hauk should be unable, after all, to pay us her promised visit to Drury Lane this spring. The serious indisposition of her mother is the reason given by the prima donna for not fulfilling her engagement with Sir Augustus Harris, and she hopes without fail to come to London in the autumn. Concerning the representation of Mr. Emil Bach's "Irmengarda," we shall have something to say next week, and in the meantime it is sincerely to be trusted that the impresario will remain firm in his intention to revive "Der Freischütz," a masterpiece which has been strangely neglected here since the death of Tietjens and the retirement of Pauline Lucca.

The Royal Amateur Orchestral Society was honoured at its fourth smoking concert of the season (Princes' Hall, April 17) with the presence of the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Teck, and Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, and the general attendance was, of course, very large. The band was in capital form, and, among other things, acquitted itself with notable ability in a couple of movements from Moszkowski's "Boabdil"—namely, a prelude and "Einzugs-Marsch," the former of which proved extremely effective. Another time, however, Mr. George Mount will do well to prevent his brass from verging on the obstreperous when attacking this heavily scored march, which may be spirited, but is also undeniably commonplace. The admirable violin-playing of M. Tivadar Nachéz and the artistic singing of Messrs. Henry Piercy and Abramoff were attractive and enjoyable features of the same concert.

OBITUARY.

SIR GEORGE WHICHCOTE, BART.

Sir George WhicHCote, of Aswarby Park, Folkingham, in the county of Lincoln, eighth baronet, died at his residence at Stony Stratford, Buckinghamshire, on April 14. He was born May 31, 1817, and married, April 10, 1866, Louisa Day, third daughter of Mr. Thomas William Clagett, of Fetcham, Surrey. He succeeded his brother, Sir Thomas WhicHCote, on Jan. 17, 1892, and is succeeded in the baronetcy by his son George, who was born Sept. 3, 1870. The title dates back to 1660, when Mr. Jeremy WhicHCote, of Lincoln's Inn, was created a baronet.

SIR CHARLES DE HOGHTON, BART.

Sir Charles de Hoghton, of Hoghton Tower, and Walton-le-Dale, in the county of Lancaster, tenth baronet, died on April 12. He was born Nov. 20, 1823, and was formerly a captain in the Army. He married, in 1863, Florence, daughter of M. Louis Moyard, of Morges, Canton de Vaud, Switzerland. She died in 1872. He succeeded his brother, Sir Henry de Hoghton, on his decease in 1876. He is succeeded in the baronetcy by his half-brother, Major James A. de Hoghton, of the Lincolnshire Regiment, who married in 1878 Aimée Jean, only daughter of Mr. John Grove, of Fern, Wiltshire.

We regret also to announce the deaths of—

The Rev. Father Henry James Coleridge, S.J., D.D., brother of Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, on April 13, aged seventy.

Sir Aubrey Walsh, formerly Principal of the Statistical Department of H.M. Customs, on April 12, aged eighty-two.

Mr. Charles Appleton Longfellow, son of the poet, on April 13.

The Hon. Mrs. Algernon Tölemache, elder sister of Maria, Marchioness of Ailesbury, on April 15, aged eighty-eight.

Friedrich August Ludwig, Count von Bismarck-Schierstein, recently, at the age of eighty-three. He was the son of the Hof-Marschall to the Duke of Nassau, and senior member of the distinguished family to which Prince Bismarck belongs. For many years he served under the Duke of Nassau at Ems, and was a Prussian Councillor of Legation. He married Charlotte Henrietta, the eldest daughter of the late Sir H. Williams-Wynn, Envoy to the Court of Denmark. His only surviving son succeeds him.

The Rev. J. H. Davies, late scholar of Jesus College, Oxford, and Rector of Mount Bures, on April 16.

Major-General Thomas Gordon Moore-Lane, late of the Madras Staff Corps, on April 16, aged sixty-seven.

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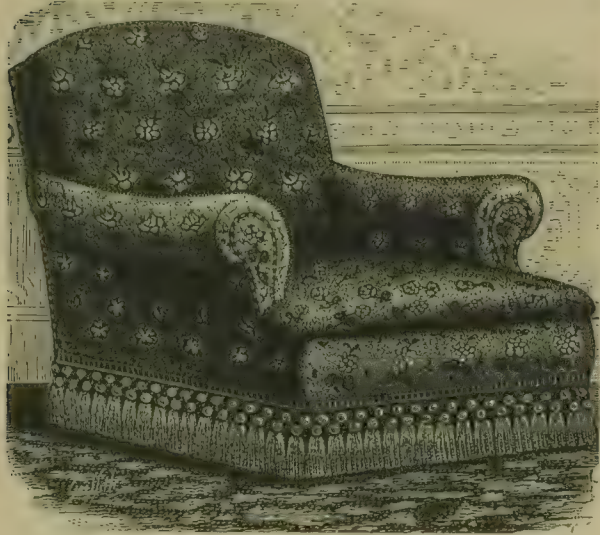
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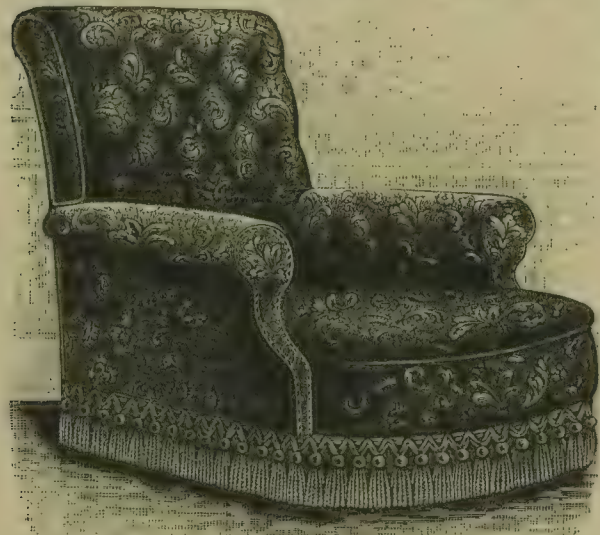
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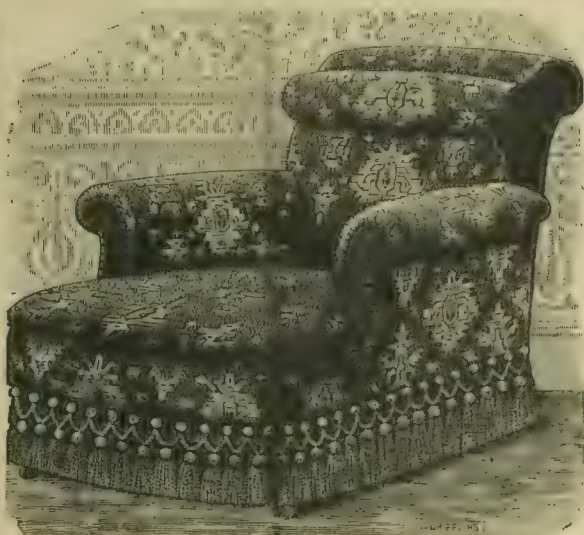
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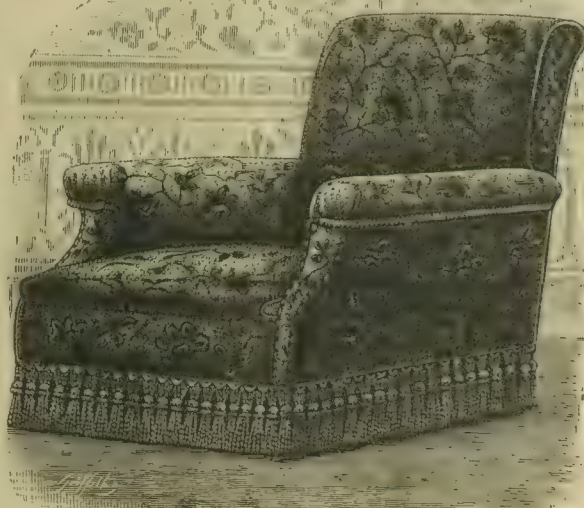
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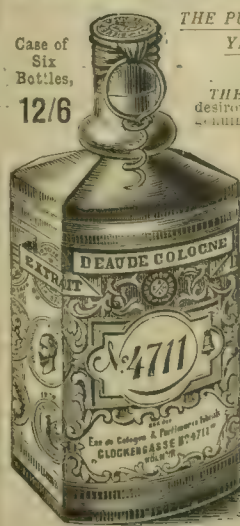
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Jan. 10, 1888) of Mr. James Job Smith, formerly of Warrington, Lancashire, and late of Whitley Superior, Cheshire, retired wire manufacturer, who died on Jan. 13 at Bournemouth, was proved on April 8 by Miss Julia Smith, the sister and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £189,000. The testator gives all his real and personal estate to his said sister absolutely.

The will (dated July 4, 1878), with three codicils (dated Nov. 12, 1881; Dec. 16, 1886; and Aug. 5, 1887) of Mr. Edward Ford, J.P., late of Enfield Old Park, Middlesex, who died on March 9, was proved on April 8 by John Walker Ford, the son, and Richard Melvil Beachcroft, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £138,000. The testator bequeaths £1000 and all his furniture and effects (excepting some articles specifically bequeathed) to his wife; and legacies to executors, men and indoor servants, and others. Enfield Old Park he devises to the use of his wife for life, and then to his son John Walker Ford. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life; then, as to £10,000, for his daughter, Mary Elizabeth Ford; £10,000 for his son Charles Winchester Ford; £14,000 for his son Alfred Lawson Ford; £20,000 for all the grandchildren alive at his death or born within ten years after; and £10,000, upon trust, for the children of his son John Walker Ford. As to the ultimate residue, he gives one half to his last-named son, and the other half, upon trust, for him, for life, and then for his children or remoter issue, as he shall appoint.

The will (dated Aug. 29, 1890) of Mr. Herman Rucker, late of Huntsland, Crawley Down, Sussex, who died on Jan. 9, was proved on April 7 by James Morris Rucker, the nephew, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £123,000. The testator

bequeaths £4000 to his nephew, James Morris Rucker; £2000 to his niece Emily Georgiana Rucker; £1000 each to his nieces Lucy Adelaide Rucker, Harriet Rucker, and Madelena Rucker, and his nephew and godson, William Hermon Du Buisson; £1000, upon trust, for his niece, Emily Margaret Boyle; and legacies to other of his nephews and nieces, godchildren, and others. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, as to the income, for his sisters Caroline Rucker and Laura Elizabeth Rucker for their lives; and upon the death of the survivor of them, as to the capital, to pay £6000 further to his said nephew James Morris Rucker; £3000 each to his nephews and nieces, Thomas Du Buisson, Henry Du Buisson, William Herman Du Buisson, Sophie Du Buisson, and Lucy Adelaide Du Buisson; £3000 upon trust for his niece Emily Margaret Boyle; and the ultimate residue to his nephew and nieces, James Morris Rucker, Emily Georgiana Rucker, Lucy Adelaide Rucker, Harriet Rucker, and Madelena Rucker, in equal shares.

The will (dated June 27, 1891), with a codicil (dated Feb. 25, 1892), of Mr. Frederick Waller, Q.C., J.P., D.L., late of Lincoln's Inn, of 6, Chester Square, and of Grassland, near Cuckfield, Sussex, who died on Feb. 22, was proved on April 11 by Lord Truro, John James, and the Rev. Theodosius Cotterell Henry Boughton-Leigh, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £94,000. The testator bequeaths all his furniture and effects to his sister, Mrs. Louisa Anne Bridget Eyre Maunsell; and legacies to his executors, friends, late clerk, valet, and servants. He devises all his manors, messuages, lands, hereditaments, tithes, and real estate, upon trusts, for sale, and the sale moneys and the residue of his personal estate are to be held, upon trust, for his said sister, for life, but £300 per annum is to be paid during her life to each of her daughters, his nieces, Mrs. Florence Catherine Boughton-Leigh and Alice, Lady

Truro. On the death of his sister, one half of the residue of his property is to be held, upon trust, for his niece, Mrs. Boughton-Leigh, and then for her children or remoter issue as she shall appoint, and the other half, upon similar trusts, for his niece, Lady Truro.

Letters of Administration of the personal estate of Dame Anna Maria Farrer, late of Sandhurst Lodge, Berks, and 18, Upper Brook Street, who died on Dec. 8, intestate, were granted on April 10 to her husband, Sir William James Farrer, Knight, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £64,000.

The will (dated May 5, 1892), with a codicil (dated Feb. 2, 1893), of Mr. Joseph Oppenheimer, late of Manchester, merchant, and of The Bower, Ashley Road, Bowdon, Cheshire, who died on Feb. 8, was proved at the Chester District Registry on March 17 by Miss Hannah Sampson and William Hughes Hilton, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £27,000. The testator bequeaths £200 each to the Jews' School (Cheetham, Manchester), the Congregation of British Jews (York Street, Cheetham, Manchester), and the Manchester Royal Infirmary; £3000 to his housekeeper, Hannah Sampson; £2000 each to his nephew Paul Meyer, and his friend Samuel Deering; £1000 each to his niece Jenny Heilbron, and Mrs. Margaret Elizabeth Cracknell; and legacies to other of his relatives and others. The residue of his property he gives to the said Hannah Sampson.

The will and codicil (both dated April 28, 1892) of François-Pierre Benoit Victor Léon Sauvaire, Marquis de Barthélemy, Knight of the Legion of Honour, late of 15, Rue Cambacérés, Paris, who died on Jan. 17, were proved in London, in respect of his English property, on April 7 by Paul Lelièvre de la Morinière, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £25,000. The testator bequeaths 1,000,000 f. each to his nephew Pierre and his niece Henrietta as wedding gifts;

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The will (dated Sept. 11, 1890) of Mr. Isaiah Bevan, late of Bradbury Hall, Llanelly, Carmarthenshire, chemical manufacturer, who died on Jan. 17, was proved on March 25 by John Bevan, the father, and William Bevan, the brother, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £22,000. The testator leaves all his property, upon trust, to pay the income to his wife, for life, if she shall so long remain his widow, and then for his children.

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The will (dated Feb. 18, 1876) of Mrs. Frances Sanders, late of Firenze, Sandford Road, Bromley, Kent, who died on Feb. 22, was proved on March 25 by her husband, Alfred Sanders, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £20,000. The testatrix leaves all her property, including the property she has power to appoint under the wills of her father and mother, to her husband.

The will of Sir Peter Benson Maxwell, late of 7, Sloane Gardens, who died on Jan. 14, was proved on March 24 by Colonel Charles John Moysey, R.E., and Richard Ponsonby Maxwell, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £8071.

The will and three codicils of Mr. William Hyde, J.P.,

MARRIAGE.

On April 12, at Congregational Church, Tacket Street, Ipswich, by the Rev. Mark Guy Pearse, assisted by the Rev. W. Hubbard, William Tertius, eldest son of William Pretty, The First, Ipswich, to Mabel Hewitt, only daughter of Robert Stocker Paul, The Boltons, Ipswich.

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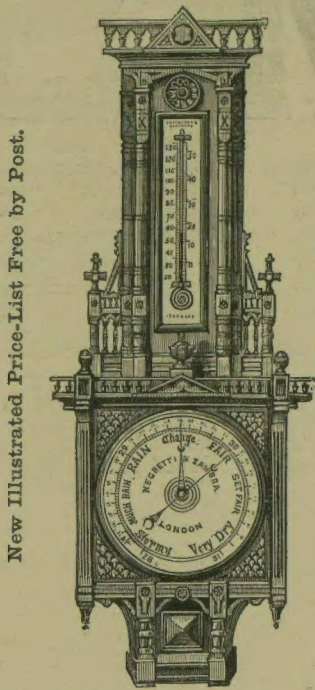
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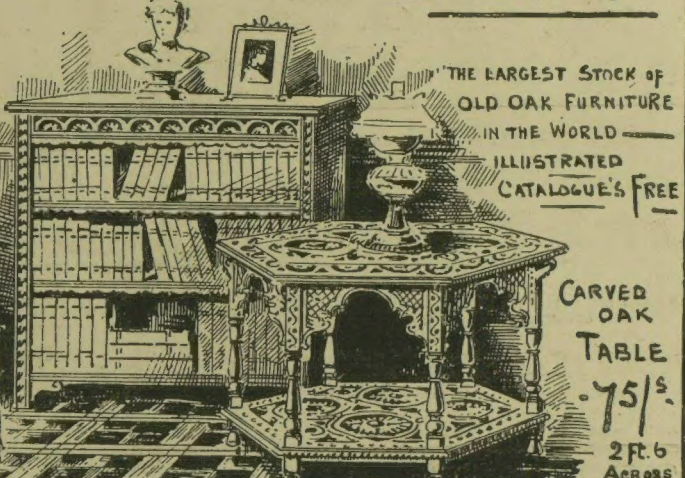
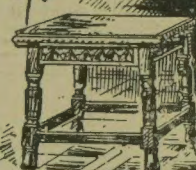
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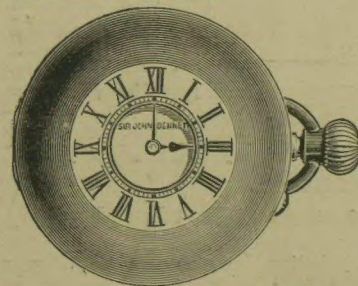
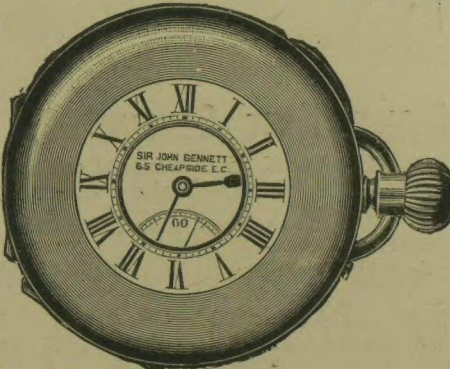
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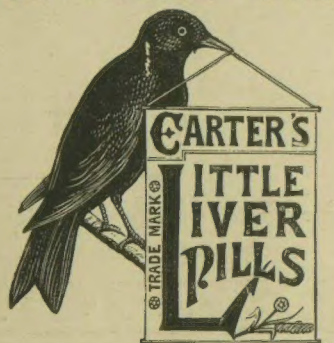
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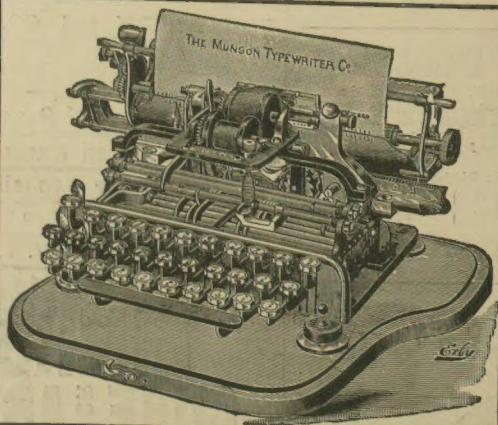
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